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THE
BEAUTIES
OF
SHERIDAN.



BEAUTIES

OF

in and Beyond Boston
SHERIDAN,

CONSISTING OF

SELECTIONS FROM HIS POEMS, DRAMAS,
AND SPEECHES.

BY ALFRED HOWARD, ESQ.

57 Feb

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Withdrawn

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SHERIDAN.

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF GARRICK.

Spoken at Drury Lane Theatre.

If dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherished here,
Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
For fabled sufferers, and delusive woe,
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret—one tributary line !

His fame requires we act a tenderer part !
His memory claims the tear you gave his art !
The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn his hearse,
The throng that mourned as their dead Favourite
pass'd,
The graced respect that claim'd him to the last,
While Shakspeare's image, from its hallow'd base,
Seemed to prescribe the grave, and point the place,—
Nor these,—nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond Fidelity's domestic woe,—

So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due—
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenious fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
To Him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient Fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise:
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdued,
With undiminished awe His works are viewed:
E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing Time.

The patient Sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art;
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once achieved—tho' barbarous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptured ruin rise to day,
Graced by defect, and worship'd in decay;
The' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the Poet's bosom fire,—
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as the' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendour gilds his votary's lay,
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
Attempt no prize but favouring Beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love:—
Whate'er the theme—through every age and clime
Congenial passions meet the' according rhyme;

The pride of glory—Pity's sigh sincere—
Youth's earliest Blush—and Beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed—their honours thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.
The actor, only, shrinks from Time's award ;
Feeble Tradition is His memory's guard ;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof—to substance unallied !
Even matchless Garrick's art, to heaven resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model, leaves behind !

The grace of action—the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene ;
The expressive glance—whose subtle comment draws
Entranced attention, and a mute applause ;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought ;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own ;
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And clothed with orient hues, transcends the day !—
Passion's wild break—and frown that awes the sense,
And every charm of gentler eloquence—
All perishable !—like the' electric fire
But strike the frame—and as they strike expire ;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where then—while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes !—
Where is the blest memorial that ensures [yours.
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—'tis

And O ! by every charm his art essay'd
To soothe your cares !—by every grief allay'd !
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew !
By his last parting tear, repaid by you !

By all those thoughts, which many a distant night
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight!—
Still in your hearts' dear record bear his name ;
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame
To you it is bequeath'd ; assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying Time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his graced urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath.
For these,—when Sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear!—
O loveliest mourner, gentle muse ! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As Fancy, oft by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb—
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptured bier,
With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear ;
With thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire relief ;
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief ;
With looks that speak—He never shall return!—
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn ;
And with soft sighs disperse the' irreverend dust,
Which Time may strew upon his sacred bust.

A PORTRAIT.

*Addressed to Mrs. Crewe, with the Comedy of
School for Scandal.*

Tell me, ye prim adepts in Scandal's school,
Who rail by precept, and detract by rule,

Lives there no character, so tried, so known,
 So deck'd with grace, and so unlike your own,
 That even you assist her fame to raise,
 Approve by envy, and by silence praise !—
 Attend !—a model shall attract your view—
 Daughters of calumny, I summon you !
 You shall decide if this a portrait prove,
 Or fond creation of the Muse and Love.—
 Attend, ye virgin critics, shrewd and sage,
 Ye matron censors of this childish age,
 Whose peering eye and wrinkled front declare
 A fix'd antipathy to young and fair ;
 By cunning, cautious, or by nature, cold,
 In maiden madness, virulently bold !—
 Attend ! ye skilled to coin the precious tale,
 Creating proof, where inuendos fail !
 Whose practised memories, cruelly exact,
 Omit no circumstance, except the fact !—
 Attend, all ye who boast,—or old or young,—
 The living libel of a slanderous tongue !
 So shall my theme as far contrasted be,
 As saints by fiends, or hymns by calumny.
 Come, gentle Amoret, (for 'neath that name,
 In worthier verse is sung thy beauty's fame) ;
 Come—for but thee who seeks the muse ? and while
 Celestial blushes check thy conscious smile,
 With timid grace and hesitating eye,
 The perfect model, which I boast, supply :—
 Vain Muse ! couldst thou the humblest sketch create
 Of her, or slightest charm couldst imitate—
 Could thy blest strain in kindred colours trace
 The faintest wonder of her form and face—
 Poets would study the immortal line,
 And Reynolds own *his* art subdued by thine ;

That art, which well might added lustre give
To Nature's best and Heaven's superlative :
On Granby's cheek might bid new glories rise,
Or point a purer beam from Devon's eyes !
Hard is the task to shape that Beauty's praise,
Whose judgment scorns the homage Flattery pays !
But praising Amoret we cannot err,
No tongue o'ervalues Heaven, or flatters her !
Yet she by Fate's perverseness—she alone
Would doubt our truth, nor deem such praise her own !
Adorning Fashion, unadorned by dress,
Simple from taste, and not from carelessness ;
Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild,
Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild ;
No state has Amoret ! no studied mien ;
She frowns no goddess, and she moves no queen.
The softer charm that in her manner lies
Is framed to captivate yet not surprise ;
It justly suits the' expression of her face,—
'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace !
On her pure cheek the native hue is such,
That formed by Heaven to be admired so much,
The hand divine, with a less partial care,
Might well have fix'd a fainter crimson there,
And bade the gentle inmate of her breast,—
Inshrined Modesty !—supply the rest.
But who the peril of her lips shall paint ?
Strip them of smiles—still, still all words are faint !
But moving Love himself appears to teach
Their action, though denied to rule her speech ;
And thou who seest her speak and dost not hear,
Mourn not her distant accents 'scape thine ear ;
Viewing those lips, thou still mayst make pretence
To judge of what she says, and swear 'tis sense :

Clothed with such grace, with such expression
fraught,

They move in meaning, and they pause in thought !
But dost thou farther watch, with charm'd surprise,
The mild irresolution of her eyes,
Curious to mark how frequent they repose,
In brief eclipse and momentary close?—

Ah ! seest thou not an ambush'd Cupid there,
Too timorous of his charge, with jealous care
Veils and unveils those beams of heavenly light,
Too full, too fatal else, for mortal sight ?

Nor yet, such pleasing vengeance fond to meet,
In pardoning dimples hope a safe retreat.

What though her peaceful breast should ne'er allow
Subduing frowns to arm her alter'd brow ;

By Love, I swear, and by his gentle wiles,
More fatal still, the mercy of her smiles !

Thus lovely, thus adorned, possessing all
Of bright or fair that can to woman fall,
The height of vanity might well be thought
Prerogative in her, and Nature's fault.

Yet gentle Amoret, in mind supreme

As well charms, rejects the vainer theme ;

And half mistrustful of her beauty's store,

She bars with wit those darts too keen before :—

Read in all knowledge that her sex should reach,

Though Greville, or the Muse, should deign to teach,

Fond to improve, nor timorous to discern

How far it is a woman's grace to learn ;

In Millar's dialect she would not prove

Apollo's priestess, but Apollo's love,

Graced by those signs, which truth delights to own,

The timid blush, and mild submitted tone :

Whate'er she says, though sense appear throughout,

Displays the tender hue of female doubt ;

Deck'd with that charm, how lovely wit appears !
 How graceful science, when that robe she wears !
 Such too her talents, and her bent of mind,
 As speak a sprightly heart by thought refined,
 A taste for mirth, by contemplation school'd,
 A turn for ridicule, by candour ruled,
 A scorn of folly, which she tries to hide ;
 An awe of talent, which she owns with pride !

Peace ! idle Muse—no more thy strain prolong,
 But yield a theme, thy warmest praises wrong ;
 Just to her merit, though thou canst not raise
 Thy feeble verse, behold the' acknowledged praise
 Has spread conviction through the envious train,
 And cast a fatal gloom o'er Scandal's reign !
 And lo ! each pallid hag, with blister'd tongue,
 Mutters assent to all thy zeal has sung—
 Owns all the colours just—the outline true ;
 Thee my inspirer, and my *model*—CREWE !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
 BULLER, KILLED IN FLANDERS, IN 1795.

Scarce hush'd the sigh, scarce dried the lingering tear,
 Affection poured upon a brother's bier ;*
 Another loss bids Laura's sorrows flow,
 As keen in anguish as a sister's woe.

Unknown to me the object of her grief—
 I dare not counsel, did she ask relief ;
 Yet may the wish no vain intrusion prove,
 To share her grief, for all who shared her love,

Yes, gallant victim ! in this hateful strife, [life,
 Which pride maintains 'gainst man's and freedom's

* Mrs. Sheridan had just lost a brother.

If quick and sensible to Laura's worth,
Thy heart's first comment was affection's birth ;
If thy soul's day rose only in her sight,
And absence was thy clouded spirit's night ;
If, 'mid whatever busy tumults thrown,
Thy silent thoughts still turned to her alone ;
If, while ambition seem'd each act to move,
Thy secret hope was Laura, peace, and love ;
If such thy feelings, and thy dying prayer,
To wish that happiness thou couldst not share ;
Let me with kindred claim thy name revere,
And give thy memory a brother's tear !

But, ah ! not tears alone fill Laura's eyes,
Resentment kindles with affliction's sighs ;
Insulted patience borrows passion's breath,
To curse the plotters of these scenes of death.
Yet sooth'd to peace, sweet mourner, tranquil be,
And every harsh emotion leave to me !
Remembrance sad, and soft regret be thine,
The wrath of hate, the blow of vengeance mine.

And oh, by Heaven ! that hour shall surely come,
When, fell destroyers ! ye shall meet your doom !
Yes, miscreant statesmen ! by the proud disdain
Which honour feels at base corruption's reign,
By the loud clamours of a nation's woes,
By the still pang domestic sorrow knows,
By all that hope has lost or terror fears ;
By England's injuries, and Laura's tears ; [past,
The hour shall come, when, fraud's short triumph's
A people's vengeance shall strike home at last !
Then, then shall fell remorse, the dastard fiend,
Who ne'er pollutes the noble soldier's end,
And dark despair around the scaffold wait,
And not one look deplore the traitor's fate !

But while remembrance shakes his coward frame,
And starts of pride contend with inward shame,
The mute reproach, or execration loud,
Of sober justice, or the scoffing crowd,
Alike shall hail the blow that seals his doom,
And gives to infamy his memory and his tomb.

Turn from the hateful scene, dear Laura, turn,
And thy loved friend with milder sorrow mourn
Still dwell upon his fate ; for still thou'lt find
The contrast lovely, and 'twill soothe thy mind !
Fallen with the brave, ere number'd with the slain—
His mind unwounded calms his body's pain !
Half raised he leans.—See Friendship bending o'er,
Her sigh suppress'd, as to his view she bore
Thy much-loved image, whose all-soothing smile
Could pain disarm, and death's last pang beguile !—
Hopeless, but not dismayed, with fearless eye
He reads the doom that tells him “ he must die ”—
Lays his brave hand upon his bleeding breast,
And feels his glory while he finds his rest !
Resigns the transient breath, which nature gave,
And sure of prouder life o'erlooks the grave.—
Sweet is the meed that waits his laurel'd bier,
'Tis Valour's hope, 'tis Honour's praise sincere,
'Tis Friendship's sigh, and gentle Beauty's tear !

STANZAS.

“ The lines ‘ Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone,’ (says Mr. Moore,) were addressed to Miss Linley, after having offended her by one of those lectures upon decorum of conduct, which jealous lovers so frequently inflict upon their mistresses,—and the grotto, immortalized by their quarrel, is supposed

to have been in Spring Gardens, then the fashionable place of resort in Bath."

Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dripping tree ;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclined,
As late I in secret her confidence sought ;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-covered stone,
And tell me, thou willow with leaves dripping dew,
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone ?
And did she confess her resentment to you ?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel ;
To hint how she frown'd, when I dared to advise,
And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow ;
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I see :
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow ;
She sigh'd, but, perhaps, 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe ;
I tell thee no rage in her looks could I see :
I cannot, I will not, believe it was so ;
She was not, she could not, be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong ;
It sunk at the thought but of giving her pain :
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet, oh! if indeed, I've offended the maid;
If Delia my humble monition refuse;
Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy shade,
Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch mayst preserve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew,
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

Or lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of snow; and I swear
The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So mayst thou, green willow, for ages thus toss
Thy branches so lank o'er the slow-winding stream;
And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nay, more—may my Delia still give thee her charms
Each evening, and sometimes the whole evening
long;

Then, grotto, be proud to support her white arms,
Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to her song.

TO DELIA.

Dry be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hush'd that struggling sigh,
Not seasons, day, nor fate, shall prove
More fixed, more true, than I!
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear.—
Dry be that tear!

Ask'st thou how long my love will stay
When all that's new is passed ?
How long, ah Delia, can I say
How long my life will last ?
Dry be that tear, be hushed that sigh,
At least I'll love thee till I die.
Hush'd be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he who only breathed for you
Must yield that faithful breath ?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here !
Dry be that tear.

A FRAGMENT.

Mark'd you her cheek of rosy hue ?
Mark'd you her eye of sparkling blue !
That eye, in liquid circles moving ;
That cheek abash'd at Man's approving ;
The *one* Love's arrows darting round ;
The *other* blushing at the wound !
Did she not speak, did she not move,
Now *Pallas*—now the Queen of love !

THE COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE.

We see the Dame, in rustic pride,
A bunch of keys to grace her side,
Stalking across the well swept entry,
To hold her council in the pantry :
Or, with prophetic soul, foretelling
The peas will boil well by the shelling ;
Or bustling in her private closet
Prepare her lord his morning posset ;

And while the hallow'd mixture thickens,
Signing death-warrents for the chickens ;
Else, greatly pensive, poring o'er
Accounts her cook had thumb'd before ;
The one cast up upon that *great book*
Yclep'd *The Family Receipt Book* ;
By which she's ruled in all her courses,
From stewing figs to drenching horses.

Then pans and pickling skillets rise,
In dreadful lustre, to our eyes,
With store of sweetmeats, ranged in order,
And *potted nothings* on the border ;
While salves and caudle-cups between,
With squalling children, close the scene.

LINES *

Written during a short absence from home.

Teach me, kind Hymen, teach—for thou
Must be my only tutor now,—
Teach me some innocent employ,
That shall the hateful thought destroy,
That I this whole long night must pass
In exile from my love's embrace.

* From "Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, by T. Moore, Esq.;" a work which will afford pleasure to all who respect genius, and especially to those who have alternately yawned over, and been disgusted by, a ponderous biographical libel on Mr. Sheridan, in which a weak but shameful attempt is made to rend from the brow of the dramatist some of his brightest laurels.

Alas, thou hast no wings, oh Time !
It was some thoughtless lover's rhyme,
Who, writing in his Chloe's view,
Paid her the compliment through you.
For had he, if he truly loved,
But once the pangs of absence proved,
He'd cropped thy wings, and in their stead
Have painted thee with heels of lead.
But 'tis the temper of the mind
Where we thy regulator find.
Still o'er the gay and o'er the young
With unfelt steps you flit along,—
As Virgil's nymph o'er ripened corn
With such ethereal hast was borne,
That every stock, with upright head,
Denied the pressure of her tread.
But o'er the wretched, oh, how slow
And heavy sweeps thy scythe of woe !
Oppressed beneath each sroke they bow,
Thy course engraven on their brow,
A day of absence shall consume
The glow of youth and manhood's bloom,
And one short night of anxious fear
Shall leave the wrinkles of a year.
For me, who, when I'm happy, owe
No thanks to fortune that I'm so,
Who long have learned to look at one
Dear object, and at one alone,
For all the joy, or all the sorrow,
That gilds the day, or threatens the morrow,
I never felt thy footsteps light,
But when sweet love did aid thy flight,
And, banish'd from his blest dominion,
I cared not for thy borrowed pinion.

True, she is mine, and since she's mine,
At trifles I should not repine ;
But oh the miser's real pleasure
Is not in knowing he has treasure ;
He must behold his golden store,
And feel and count his riches o'er.
Thus I, of one dear gem possess'd,
And in that treasure only blessed,
There every day would seek delight,
And clasp the casket every night.

ANACREONTIC VERSES. *

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me :
When a glance aversion hints,
I always think the lady squints.
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
No pearly teeth rejoice my view,
Unless a "yes" displays their hue—
The prudish lip that *noes* me back,
Convinces me the teeth are black.
To me the cheek displays no roses,
Like that the' assenting blush discloses ;
But when with proud disdain 'tis spread,
To me tis but a scurvy red.
Would she have me praise her hair ?
Let her place my garland there ;
Is her hand so white and pure ?
I must press it to be sure ;

* From Mr. Moore's "Memoirs of the Life of Sheridan."

Nor can I be certain then,
Till it grateful press again.
Must I praise her melody ?
Let her sing of love and me.
If she choose another theme,
I'd rather hear a peacock scream.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.
None but bigots will in vain
Adore a heaven they cannot gain ;
If I must religious prove
To the mighty God of Love,
Sure I am it is but fair
He at least should hear my prayer.
But, by each joy of his I've known,
And all I yet shall make my own,
Never will I, with humble speech,
Pray to a heaven I cannot reach.

TO LAURA.*

Near Avon's ridgy bank there grows
A willow of no vulgar size ;
That tree first heard poor Silvio's woes,
And heard how bright were Laura's eyes.
Its boughs were shade from heat or shower,
Its roots a moss-grown seat became ;
Its leaves would strew the maiden's bower,
Its bark was shatter'd with her name !

* From Mr. Moore's "Memoirs of the Life of Sheridan."

Once on a blossom-crowned day
Of mirth-inspiring May,
Silvio, beneath the willow's sober shade,
In sullen contemplation laid,
Did mock the meadow's flowery pride,—
Rail'd at the dance and sportive ring ;—
The tabor's call he did deride,
And said *it was not Spring*.

He scorn'd the sky of azure blue,
He scorn'd whate'er could mirth bespeak ;
He chid the beam that drank the dew,
And chid the gale that fanned his glowing cheek.
Unpaid the Season's wonted lay,
For still he sighed and said *it was not May*.

“ Ah, why should the glittering stream
Reflect thus delusive the scene ?
Ah, why does a rosy-tinged beam
Thus vainly enamel the green ?
To me nor joy nor light they bring,
I tell thee, Phœbus '*tis not Spring*.

“ Sweet tutoress of music and love,
Sweet bird, if 'tis thee that I hear,
Why left you so early the grove,
To lavish your melody here ?
Cease, then, mistaken thus to sing,
Sweet Nightingale ! *it is not Spring*.

“ The gale courts not my locks but to tease,
And Zephyr, I called not on thee ;
Thy fragrance no longer can please ;
Then rob not the blossom for me :
But hence unload thy balmy wing,
Believe me, Zephyr, '*tis not Spring*.

“Yet the lily has drank of the shower,
 And the rose 'gins to peep on the day;
 And yon bee seems to search for a flower
 As busy as if it were May :—
 In vain thou senseless fluttering thing,
 My heart informs me, *'tis not Spring.*”

May poised her roseate wings, for she had heard
 The mourner as she passed the vales along;
 And, silencing her own indignant bird,
 She thus reproved poor Silvio's song :

“How false is the sight of a lover :
 How ready his spleen to discover
 What reason would never allow !
 Why,—Silvio, my sunshine and showers,
 My blossoms, my birds, and my flowers,
 Were never more perfect than now.

“The water's reflection is true,
 The green is enamelled to view,
 And Philomel sings on the spray;
 The gale is the breathing of Spring;
 'Tis fragrance it bears on its wing,
 And the bee is assured it is *May.*”

“Pardon,” (said Silvio, with a gushing tear),
 “ 'Tis Spring, sweet nymph, *but Laura is not here.*”

FRAGMENT. *

Then, behind, all my hair is done up in a plat,
 And so, like a cornet's, tucked under my hat.
 Then I mount on my palfry as gay as a lark,
 And, followed by John, take the dust in Hyde Park.

* From Mr. Moore's “Memoirs of the Life of Sheridan.”

In the way I am met by some smart macaroni,
Who rides by my side on a little bay pony—
No sturdy Hibernian, with shoulders so wide,
But as taper and slim as the ponies they ride ;
Their legs are as slim, and their shoulders no wider ;
Dear sweet little creatures both pony and rider !

“ But sometimes, when hotter, I order my chaise,
And manage, myself, my two little greys.
Sure never were seen two such sweet little ponies ;
Other horses are clowns, and these macaronies ;
And to give them this title, I’m sure is’nt wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

“ In Kensington Gardens to stroll up and down,
You know was the fashion before you left town ;
The thing’s well enough, when allowance is made
For the size of the trees and the depth of the shade ;
But the spread of their leaves such a shelter affords
To those noisy, impertinent creatures called birds,
Whose ridiculous chirruping ruins the scene,
Brings the country before me and gives me the spleen,

“ Yet, tho’ ’tis too rural,—to come near the mark,
We all heard in *one* walk, and that nearest the Park ;
There with ease we may see as we pass by the wicket,
The chimneys of Knightsbridge, and—footmen at
I must tho’, in justice, declare that the grass, [cricket.
Which, worn by our feet, is diminish’d apace,
In a little time more will be brown and as flat
As the sand at Vauxhall or as Ranelagh mat.
Improving thus fast, perhaps, by degrees,
We may see rolls and butter spread under the trees,
With a small pretty band in each side of the walk,
To play little tunes and enliven our talk.”

LINES. *

From the unfinished Opera of "The Foresters."

"We two, each other's only pride,
Each other's bliss, each other's guide,
Far from the world's unhallowed noise,
Its coarse delights and tainted joys,
Through wilds will roam, and deserts rude;
For, Love, thy home is solitude.

"There shall no vain pretender be,
To court thy smiles and torture me;
No proud superior there be seen;
But nature's voice shall hail thee queen.

"With fond respect and tender awe,
I will receive thy gentle law,
Obey thy looks, and serve thee still,
Prevent thy wish, foresee thy will,
And, added to a lover's care,
Be I that friends and parents are."

EPILOGUE. †

"In this gay month, when through the sultry hour,
The vernal sun denies the wonted shower,
When youthful Spring usurps maturer sway,
And pallid April steals the blush of May,
How joys the rustic tribe to view display'd
The liberal blossom and the early shade!
But ah! far other air our soil delights,
Here 'charming weather' is the worst of blights.

* From Mr Moore's "Memoirs of the Life of Sheridan."

† Ibid.

No genial beams rejoice our rustic train,
 The harvest's still the better for the rain.
 To summer suns our groves no tribute owe,
 They thrive in frost and flourish best in snow.
 When other woods resound the feathered throng,
 Our groves, our woods are destitute of song.
 The thrush, the lark, all leave our mimic vale ;
 No more we boast our Christmas nightingale.
 Poor *Rossignol*—the wonder of his day,
 Sang through the winter, but is mute in May.
 Then bashful spring, that gilds fair nature's scene,
 O'ercasts our lawns, and deadens every green ;
 Obscures our sky, embrowns the wooden shade,
 And dries the channel of each tin cascade !

Oh hapless we, whom such ill fate betides,
 Hurt by the beam which cheers the world besides !
 Who love the lingering frost, nice chilling showers,
 While Nature's *Benefit*—is death to ours ;
 Who, witch-like, best in noxious mists perform,
 Thrive in the tempest, and enjoy the storm.
 Oh hapless we ! unless your generous care
 Bids us no more lament that spring is fair ;
 But plenteous glean from the dramatic soil
 The vernal harvest of our winter's toil.
 For April suns to us no pleasures bring ;
 Your presence here is all we feel of spring.
 May's riper beauties here no bloom display ;
 Your fostering smile alone proclaims it May."

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF " SEMIRAMIS."

Spoken by Mrs. Yate.

Dishevell'd still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
 Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene ?

No, beauteous mourners ! from whose downcast eyes
The muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice !
Whose gentle bosoms, pity's altars, bear
The crystal incense of each falling tear !
There lives the poet's praise—no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart !

When general plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approved before,
Tho' ruder spirits love the accustomed jest,
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast,
Still hearts refined their sadden'd tint retain,
The sigh is pleasure, and the jest is pain !
Scarce have they smiles to honour grace or wit,
Tho' Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ.
Thus thro' the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful showers that hang on April's eve,
Tho' every coarser stem of forest birth
Throws with the morning beam its dew to earth,
Ne'er does the gentle rose revive so soon—
But bathed in nature's tears, it droops till noon.
O could the muse one simple moral teach !
From scenes like these, which all who heard might
Thou child of sympathy—whoe'er thou art, [reach !
Who, with Assyria's queen, has wept thy part—
Go search, where keener woes demand relief,
Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancied grief ;
The graceful tear still lingering in the eye—
Go—and on *real* misery bestow
The bless'd effusion of fictitious woe !
So shall our muse, supreme of all the nine,
Deserve, indeed, the title of—*divine*.
Virtue shall own her favour'd from above,
And pity greet her with a sister's love !

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF "FATAL
FALSEHOOD."

Spoken by Mr. Lee Lewes.

Unhand me, gentlemen—by heaven, I say,
I'll make a ghost of him who bars my way !

[Behind the scenes.]

Forth let me come, a poetaster true,
As lean as Envy, and as baneful too ;
On the dull audience let me vent my rage,
Or drive these female scribblers from the stage.
For scene or history we've none but these ;
The law of liberty and wit they seize ;
In tragic, comic, pastoral, they dare to please.
Each puny bard must surely burst with spite,
To find that women with such fame can write :
But, oh ! your partial favour is the cause,
Which feeds their follies with such full applause.
Yet still our tribe shall seek to blast their fame,
And ridicule each fair offender's aim ;
Where the dull duties of domestic life
Wage with the Muse's toils eternal strife.

What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conspire to vex !
In studious deshabelle behold her sit,
A letter'd gossip, and a housewife wit ;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and muse ;
Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A chequered wreck of notable and wise ;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
Oppress the toilet, and obscure the glass ;
Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
And there a mantua-maker's bill unpaid ;

Here new-born plays foretaste the town's applause,
There dormant patterns pine for future gauze ;
A moral essay now is all her care,
A satire next, and then a bill of fare :
A scene she now projects, and now a dish,
Here act the first—and here—remove with fish.
Now, while this eye in a fine frenzy rolls,
That soberly casts up a bill for coals ;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears, and thread, and balls, and thimbles mix.

Sappho, 'tis true, long versed in epic song,
For years esteem'd all household studies wrong ;
When dire mishap, though neither shame nor sin,
Sappho herself, and not her muse, lies in.
The virgin Nine in terror fly the bower,
And matron Juno claims despotic power ;
Soon Gothic hags the classic pile o'erturn,
A caudle cup supplants the sacred urn ;
Nor books, nor implements, escape their rage,
They spike the ink-stand, and they rend the page ;
Poems and plays one barbarous fate partake,
Ovid and Plautus suffer at the stake,
And Aristotle's only saved to wrap plum-cake.

Yet, shall a woman tempt the tragic scene ?
And dare—but hold—I must repress my spleen ;
I see your hearts are pledged to her applause,
While Shakspeare's spirit seems to aid her cause ;
Well pleased to aid, since o'er his sacred bier
A female hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the greenest laurel that is worshipped
there.

PROLOGUE TO "THE RIVALS."

Spoken by Mr. Woodward and Mr. Quick.

Enter Sergeant at Law, and Attorney following, and giving a paper.

Serj. What's here!—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see
Without my spectacles.

Att. He means his fee.
Nay, Mr. Sergeant, good sir, try again.

[Gives money.]

Serj. The scrawl improves! *[more]* O come, 'tis
pretty plain.

Hey! how's this? Dibble!—sure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! a poet and a fee!

Att. Yes, sir! though *you* without reward, I know,
Would gladly plead the Muse's cause.

Serj. So!—so!

Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath should fall
On me.

Serj. Dear Dibble, no offence at all.

Att. Some sons of Phœbus in the courts we meet.

Serj. And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!

Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
Of bays adorns his legal waste of wig.

Serj. Full-bottom'd heroes thus, on signs, unfurl
A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl!

Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.

Att. Do you, then, sir, my client's place supply,
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tie—

Do you, with all those blushing powers of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,

Rise in the court, and flourish on the case. *[Exit.]*

Serj. For practice, then, suppose—this brief will show it—

Me, Serjeant Woodward,—counsel for the poet.
 Used to the ground, I know 'tis hard to deal
 With this dread court, from whence there's *no appeal*;
 No *tricking* here, to blunt the edge of *law*,
 Or damned in *equity*, escape by *flaw* :
 But *judgment* given, your sentence must remain ;
 No *writ of error* lies—to *Drury-Lane* !
 Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute
 We gain some favour, if not *costs of suit*.
 No spleen is here ! I see no hoarded fury !—
 I think I never faced a milder jury !
 Sad else our plight ! where frowns are transportation,
 A hiss the gallows, and a groan damnation !
 But such the public candour, without fear
 My client waves all *right of challenge* here ;
 No newsman from our session is dismiss'd,
 Nor wit nor critic *we* scratch off the list ;
 His faults can never hurt another's ease,
 His crime, at worst, a *bad attempt* to please.
 Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
 And by the general voice will *stand* or *fall*.

The play being withdrawn after the first night's representation, upon its second appearance the lines from " Hey ! how's this," &c. to " no offence at all," were omitted, and the following inserted.

" How's this ! the poet's brief *again* ! O ho !
 Cast, I suppose !

Att. O pardon me—No—No—
 We found the court, o'erlooking stricter laws,
Indulgent to the *merits* of the cause ;

By *judges* mild, unused to harsh denial ;
A rule was granted for *another trial*.

Serj. Then, hark'ee, Dibble, did you *mend your pleadings* ?

Errors, no few, we've *found* in our *proceedings*.

Att. Come, courage, sir, we did *amend our plea*,
Hence your *new brief* and this *refreshing fee*."

PROLOGUE TO "THE RIVALS."

Spoken on the tenth night, by Mrs. Bulkley.

Granted our cause, our suit and trial o'er,
The worthy Serjeant need appear no more ;
In pleading I a different client choose ;
He served the Poet,—I would serve the Muse ;
Like him, I'll try to merit your applause,
A female counsel in a female's cause. [sly,

Look on this form,* where Humour,—quaint and
Dimples the cheek, and points the beaming eye,
Where gay Invention seems to boast its wiles
In amorous hint, and half-triumphant smiles ;
While her light mask or covers Satire's strokes,
Or hides the conscious blush her wit provokes.

Look on her well—does she seem form'd to teach ?
Should you *expect* to hear this lady preach ?
Is grey experience suited to her youth ?
Do solemn sentiments become that mouth ?
Bid her be grave, those lips should rebel prove
To every theme that slanders mirth or love.

Yet thus adorn'd with every graceful art
To charm the fancy, and yet reach the heart—

*Pointing to the figure of Comedy.

Must we displace her ! And instead advance
 The Goddess of the woful countenance—
 The sentimental Muse !—Her emblems view,
 The Pilgrim's Progress, and a sprig of rue !
 View her—too chaste to look like flesh and blood—
 Primly portray'd on emblematic wood !
 There fix'd in usurpation should she stand,
 She'll snatch the dagger from her sister's hand :
 And having made her votaries *weep a flood*,
 Good heaven ! she'll end her comedies in blood :
 Bid Harry Woodward break poor Dunstal's crown ;
 Imprison Quick, and knock Ned Shuter down ;
 While sad Barsanti, weeping o'er the scene,
 Shall stab herself—or poison Mrs. Green.—

Such dire encroachments to prevent in time,
 Demand's the critic's voice—the poet's rhyme.
 Can our light scenes add strength to holy laws !
 Such puny patronage but hurts the cause :
 Fair virtue scorns our feeble aid to ask ;
 And moral Truth disdains the trickster's mask.
 For here their favourite stands,* whose brow, severe
 And sad, claims Youth's respect, and Pity's tear ;
 Who, when oppress'd by foes her worth creates,
 Can point a poniard at the guilt she hates.

EPILOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF “THE RIVALS.”

Spoken by Mrs. Bulkley.

Ladies, for *you*—I heard our poet say—
 He'd try to coax some *moral* from his play :
 “ One moral's plain,” cried I, “ without more fuss ;
 Man's social happiness all rests on us :

* Pointing to Tragedy.

Through all the drama—whether d—n'd or not—
Love gilds the *scene*, and women guide the *plot*.
From every rank obedience is our due—
D'ye doubt?—The world's great stage shall prove it
true !”

The *Cit*, well skill'd to shun domestic strife,
Will sup abroad ;—but first he'll ask his *wife* :
John Trott, his friend, for once will do the same,
But then—he'll just *step home to tell his dame*.

The *Surly Squire* at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds! Madam is a fool!
Convinced at night, the vanquish'd victor says,
Oh, Kate! *you women have such coaxing ways!*

The *jolly Topper* chides each tardy blade,
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid :
Then with each toast he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim !

Nay, I have heard that *Statesmen*—great and wise—
Will *sometimes* counsel with a lady's eyes ;
The servile suitors watch her various face ;
She smiles preferment, or she frowns disgrace ;
Curtsies a pension here—there nods a place.

Not with less awe, in scenes of humble life,
Is *view'd the mistress*, or *is heard the wife*,
The poorest *peasant* of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
Early from radiant Love's impartial light
Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night :
Dear spark ! that oft through winter's chilling woes
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows !

The wandering *Tar*, who not for years has press'd
The widow'd partner of his *day* of rest,
On the cold deck, far from her arms removed,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan loved ;

And while around the cadence rude is blown,
 The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.
 The *Soldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
 Pants for the *triumph* of his Nancy's smile ;
 But ere the battle should he list her cries,
 The lover trembles—and the hero dies !
 That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
 Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear !

But ye more cautious, ye nice judging few,
 Who give to Beauty only Beauty's due,
 Though friends to Love—*ye* view with deep regret
 Our conquest's marr'd, our triumphs incomplete,
 Till polished Wit more lasting charms disclose,
 And Judgment fix the darts which Beauty throws !

In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
 The lover's mind would ask no other school ;
 Shamed into sense, the scholars of our eyes,
 Our beaux from *gallantry* would soon be wise ;
 Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
 The lamp of Knowledge at the torch of Love !

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF " SIR THOMAS
 OVERBURY."

Too long the Muse—attached to regal show,
 Denies the scene to tales of humbler woe,
 Such as were wont—while yet they charmed the ear,
 To steal the plaudit of a silent tear,
 When Otway gave domestic grief its part,
 And Rowe's familiar sorrows touch'd the heart.

A scepter'd traitor, lash'd by vengeful fate,
 A bleeding hero, or a fallen state,
 Are themes (though nobly worth the classic song)
 Which feebly claim your sighs, nor claim them long ;

Too great for pity, they inspire respect;
Their deeds astonish rather than affect;
Proving how rare the heart that woe can move
Which reason tells us, we can never prove.

Other the scene, where sadly stands confest
The private pang that rends the sufferer's breast;
When sorrow sits upon a parent's brow,
When fortune mocks the youthful lover's vow—
All feel the tale—for who so mean, but knows
What fathers' sorrows are? What lovers' woes?
On kindred ground, our bard his fabric built,
And placed a mirror there for private guilt!
Where—fatal union!—will appear combined
An angel's form—and an abandon'd mind;
Honour attempting passion to reprove,
And friendship struggling with unhallow'd love!

Yet view not, critics, with severe regard
The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,
Doom'd, while he wrote, unpitied to sustain
More real miseries than his pen could feign!
Ill-fated Savage! at whose birth was given
No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heaven!
Whose youth no brother knew, with social care
To soothe his sufferings, or demand to share;
No wedded partner of his mortal woe,
To win his smile at all that fate could do;
While at his death, nor friend, nor mother's tear
Fell on the track of his deserted bier!

So pleads the tale,* that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes and the parent's crimes;
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive,
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live!

* The Life of Savage, by Dr. Johnson.

PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF "THE TRIP TO
SCARBOROUGH."

What various transformations we remark,
From east Whitechapel to the west Hyde Park !
Men, women, children, houses, signs, and fashions,
State, stage, trade, taste, the humours, and the pas-
sions ;
The' Exchange, 'Change-alley, wheresoe'er you're
ranging,
Court, city, country, all are changed, or changing :
The streets sometime ago, were paved with stones,
Which, aided by a hackney coach, half broke your
bones.

The purest lovers then indulged no bliss ;
They ran great hazard, if they stole a kiss.
" *One chaste salute*"—the damsel cried—" *O fie !*"
As they approach'd—slap went the coach awry—
Poor Sylvia got a bump, and Damon a black eye.

But now weak nerves in hackney coaches roam,
And the crammed glutton snores,unjolted, home :
Of former times, that polished thing, a beau,
Is metamorphosed now, from top to toe ;
Then the full flaxen wig, spread o'er the shoulders,
Concealed the shallow head from the beholders !
But *now* the whole's reversed—each fop appears
Cropped, and trimmed up, exposing head and ears :
The buckle then its modest limits knew ;
Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,
Hath broke its bounds, and swallows up the shoe ;
The wearer's foot, like his once fine estate,
Is almost lost, the' encumbrance is so great.
Ladies may smile—are *they* not in the plot ?
The bounds of nature have not they forgot ?

Were they design'd to be, when put together,
 Made up, like shuttle-cocks, of cork and feather ?
 Their pale-faced grand-mammas appear'd with grace,
 When dawning blushes rose upon the face ;
 No blushes now their once-loved station seek ;
 The foe is in possession of the cheek !
 No heads, of old, too high in feather'd state,
 Hinder'd the fair to pass the lowest gate ;
 A church to enter now, they must be bent,
 If ever they should try the' experiment.

As change thus circulates throughout the nation,
 Some plays may justly call for alteration ;
 At least to draw some slender covering o'er
 That *graceless wit** which was too bare before :
 Those writers well and wisely use their pens,
 Who turn our wantons into Magdalens ;
 And howsoever wicked wits revile 'em,
 We hope to find in you their stage asylum.

PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF "THE MINIATURE
 PICTURE."

Chill'd by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
 Withholds the beauties of the vernal day,
 As some fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,
 Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love,
 The Season's pleasures too delay their hour,
 And Winter revels with protracted power ;
 Then blame not, Critics, if thus late we bring
 A Winter's Drama, but reproach the Spring.
 What prudent Cit dares yet the season trust,
 Bask in the whiskey, and enjoy the dust ?

* And *Van* wants grace, who never wanted wit.

POPE.

Horsed in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer Spark
 Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park ;
 Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late, [gate ;
 Scour the New-Road, and dash through Grosvenor-
 Anxious—yet timorous too—his steed to show,
 The hack Bucephalus of Rotten-row !
 Careless he seems, yet, vigilantly sly,
 Woos the stray glance of ladies passing by,
 While his off heel, insidiously aside,
 Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
 Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains,
 The vulgar verdure of her walks remains !
 Where white-robed Misses amble two by two,
 Nodding to booted Beaux—"How do? How do?"
 With generous questions that no answer wait—
 "How vastly full! A'n't you come vastly late?
 I'n't it quite charming? When do you leave town?
 A'n't you quite tir'd? Pray can we set you down?"
 These suburb pleasures of a London May,
 Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay ;
 But if this plea's denied, in our excuse
 Another still remains you can't refuse ;
 It is a lady writes—and hark!—a noble Muse !*
 But see a Critic starting from his bench— [French :
 "A noble author?"—Yes, Sir, but the play's not

* The comedy of "The Miniature Picture" was written by Lady Craven. The first thirty lines of this Prologue were afterwards made to serve as a Prologue to the drama of "Pizzaro," with the addition of the two following lines as a conclusion :

"Should our Play please—and you're indulgent
 ever—
 Kindly decree, 'tis better late than never.'"

Yet if it were, no blame on us could fall,
For we, you know, must follow Fashion's call,
And true it is, things lately were *en train*
To woo the gallic Muse at Drury Lane ;
Not to import a troop of foreign elves,
But treat you with French actors—in ourselves :
A friend we had, who vowed he'd make us speak
Pure flippant French, by contract, in a week.
Told us 'twas time to study what was good,
Polish, and leave off being understood ;
That crowded audiences we thus might bring
To Monsier Parsons, and Chevalier King :
Or should the vulgar grumble now and then,
The Prompter might translate for country gentlemen.
Straightall subscribed—Kings, Gods, Mutes, Singer,
Actor,—

A Flanders-figure-dancer our contractor.
But here, I grieve to own, though 't be to you,
He acted—e'en as most contractors do ;
Sold what he never dealt in, and the' amount
Being first discharged, submitted his account :
And what the' event ? Their industry was such,
Dodd spoke good Flemish, Bannister bad Dutch.
Then the rogue told us, with insulting ease,
So it was foreign, it was sure to please :
Beaux, wits, applaud, as fashion should command,
And Misses laugh—to seem to understand—
So from each clime our clime may something gain ;
Manhood from Rome, and sprightliness from Spain ;
Some Russian Roscius next delight the age,
And a Dutch Heinel skait along the stage.
Exotic fopperies, hail ! whose flattering smile
Supplants the sterner virtues of our isle !

Thus, while with Chinese firs and Indian pines
 Our nurseries swarm, the British oak declines :
 Yet, vain our Muse's fear—no foreign laws
 We dread, while native beauty pleads our cause :
 While you're to judge, whose smiles are honours
 higher

Than verse should gain, but where those eyes inspire.
 But if the men presume your power to awe,
 Retort their churlish senatorial law ; [draw :
 This is *your* house,—and move—the gentlemen with-
 Then they may vote, with envy never ceasing,
 Your influence has increased, and is increasing ;
 But there, I trust, the resolution's finish'd ;
 Sure none will say—it ought to be diminish'd.

SONG, FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;

 Here's to the widow of fifty ;

Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,

 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus. Let the toast pass,—

 Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimple we prize ;

 Now to the maid who has none, sir :

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,

 And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.

 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow :

 Now to her that's as brown as a berry :

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

 And now to the girl that is merry.

 Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather :
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast 'em together.

Let the toast pass,—
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

SONGS, FROM "THE DUENNA."

Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain
 So gently speak thy master's pain,
 So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
 That, though my sleeping love shall know
 Who sings—who sighs below.

Her rosy slumbers shall not fly ?
 Thus, may some vision whisper more
 Than ever I dared speak before.

* * * *

The breath of morn bids hence the night ;
 Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair :
 For till the dawn of love is there,
 I feel no day, I own no light.

Louisa—replies from a window.

Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,
 Waking, the dawn did bless my sight :
 'Tis Phœbus, sure, that woos, I cried,
 Who speaks in song, who moves in light,

* * * *

Could I her faults remember,
 Forgetting every charm,
 Soon would impartial Reason
 The tyrant Love disarm ;

But when enraged I number
 Each failing of her mind,
 Love still suggests each beauty,
 And sees—while Reason's blind.

* * * * *

I ne'er could any lustre see
 In eyes that would not look on me ;
 I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
 But where my own did hope to sip.
 Has the maid who seeks my heart
 Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art ?
 I will own the colour true
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?
 I must press it to be sure ;
 Nor can I be certain then,
 'Till it, grateful, press again.
 Must I, with attentive eye,
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
 I will do so, when I see
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

* * * * *

Friendship is the bond of reason ;
 But if beauty disapprove,
 Heaven dissolves all other treason
 In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,
 As a civil oath I view ;
 But to the charms which I adore,
 'Tis religion to be true,

Then if to one I false must be,
 Can I doubt which to prefer—

A breach of social faith with thee,
Or sacrilege to love and her ?

* * * *

Though cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love, too, are strong ;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.

What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
Ah ! none but the jealous—the jealous can know !

When blest with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore ;
Those smiles let another but share,*
And I wonder I prized them no more !

Then whence can I hope for relief from my woe,
When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow !

* * * *

Thou canst not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call ;
But I was glad to find thee poor—

For with my heart I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth shall own
I loved him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain

Of what my bounty did bestow :
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.

* * * *

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life ;
No peace shall you know, tho' you've buried your wife :

At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

Sighing and whining,

Dying and pining,

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,
With letters and lovers forever they vex us ;

While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter ! [her ;

Wrangling and jangling,

Flouting and pouting,

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter ?

* * * * *

When sable Night, each drooping plant restoring,

Wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer,

As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,

Wakes its beauty with a tear ;

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts did borrow

One hour from love and care to rest,

Lo ! as I pressed my couch in silent sorrow,

My lover caught me in his breast ;

He vowed he came to save me

From those who would enslave me !

Then kneeling,

Kisses stealing,

Endless faith he swore ;

But soon I chid him thence,

For had his fond pretence

Obtain'd one favour then,

And had he press'd again,

I fear'd my treacherous heart might grant him more.

* * * * *

Had I a heart for falsehood framed
I ne'er could injure you ;
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong ;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

* * * * *

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast :
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat ;
And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care ;
If brown it is lasting—more pleasing if fair :
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green ;
For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—let her only have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own are genteeler than black ;

A little round chin too's a beauty, I've heard;
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

* * * *

When a tender maid
Is first essay'd
By some admiring swain,
How her blushes rise
If she meet his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain!
If he takes her hand—she trembles quite!
Touch her lips—and she swoons outright!
While a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear
Fewer signs of fear;
The youth she boldly views:
If her hand he grasp,
Or her bosom clasp,
No mantling blush ensues!
Then to church well pleased the lovers move,
While her smiles her contentment prove;
And a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love.

* * * *

Ah sure a pair was never seen,
So justly formed to meet by nature!
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in every grace of feature.
Oh, how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers!
Eor surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature!

So mild your looks, your children thence
 Will early learn the task of duty—
 The boys with all their father's sense,
 The girls with all their mother's beauty !
 Oh how happy to inherit
 At once such graces and such spirit !
 Thus while you live
 May fortune give
 Each blessing equal to your merit !

* * * *

A bumper of good liquor
 Will end a contest quicker
 Than justice, judge, or vicar :
 So fill a cheerful glass,
 And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
 Why sooner drain the barrel
 Than be the hateful fellow
 That's crabbed when he's mellow.
 A bumper &c.

* * * *

What bard, O Time, discover,
 With wings first made thee move ?
 Ah ! sure it was some lover,
 Who ne'er had left his love !
 For who that once did prove
 The pangs which absence brings,
 Though but one day
 He were away,
 Could picture thee with wings ?
 What bard, &c.

* * * *

O had my love ne'er smiled on me,
 I ne'er had known such anguish ;
 But think how false, how cruel she,
 To bid me cease to languish ;
 To bid me hope her hand to gain,
 Breathe on a flame half perished ;
 And then with cold and fix'd disdain,
 To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
 That drove as winds did blow it,
 Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
 To find a grave below it ;
 Then land was cried—no more resign'd,
 He glow'd with joy to hear it ;
 Not worse his fate, his woe, to find
 The wreck must sink ere near it !

* * * * *

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
 Where love has been received a welcome guest ;
 As wandering saints poor huts have sacred made,
 He hallows every heart he once has sway'd ;
 And when his presence we no longer share,
 Still leaves compassion as a relic there.

* * * * *

Oh the days when I was young,
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spite ;
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night !
 Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow I ne'er could see ;
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me :
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask ;
 But still honest truth I found
 At the bottom of each flask.

True at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are gray.
 Yet old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire ;
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

* * * *

By him we love offended,
 How soon our anger flies !
 One day apart, 'tis ended,
 Behold him, and it dies.

Last night your roving brother
 Enraged I bade depart ;
 And sure his rude presumption
 Deserved to lose my heart.

Yet were he now before me,
 In spite of injured pride,
 I fear my eyes would pardon
 Before my tongue could chide.

* * * *

How oft, Louisa, hast thou told,
 (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,)

Thou would'st not lose Antonio's love
 To be the partner of a throne.
 And by those lips, that spake so kind,
 And by that hand, I've press'd to mine,
 To be the lord of wealth and power,
 By Heavens, I would not part with thine !

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy ?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 And, serving thee, a monarch I.
 Thus uncontroll'd, in mutual bliss,
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine !

* * * * *

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
 The sullen echo of repentant sighs !
 Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
 Inured to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well !
 For happier scenes I fly this darksome grove,
 To saints a prison, but a tomb to love !

* * * * *

This bottle's the sun of our table,
 His beams are rosy wine ;
 We planets, that are not able
 Without his help to shine.
 Let mirth and glee abound !
 You'll soon grow bright
 With borrow'd light,
 And shine as he goes round.

* * * * *

Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind,
 When treachery two fond hearts would rend ;

But oh ! how keener far to find
That traitor is thy bosom friend !

* * * *

Ah, cruel maid, how hast thou changed
The temper of my mind !
My heart, by thee from love estranged,
Becomes like thee, unkind.

By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was ;
And friends I had who fanned the flame,
And gave my youth applause.

But now my weakness all accuse,
Yet vain their taunts on me ;
Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose,
To gain one smile from thee.

And only thou should'st not despise
My weakness or my woe ;
If I am mad in other's eyes,
'Tis thou hast made me so.

But days, like this, with doubting cursed,
I will not long endure—
Am I disdain'd—I know the worst,
And likewise know my cure.

If, false, her vows she dare renounce,
That instant ends my pain ;
For, oh ! the heart must break at once,
That cannot hate again.

SONGS IN THE PANTOMIME OF "HARLEQUIN
FORTUNATUS."

When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then sailors think of their far distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see again :
But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,
We think but, should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer their hearts to hear
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And wakes to think how it may fare with you ;
O ! when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think only, should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer her heart to hear
That her own true sailor, he was one.

* * * *

Cheerly, my hearts, of courage true !
The hour's at hand to try your worth ;
A glorious peril waits for you,
And valour pants to lead you forth :
Mark where the enemy's colours fly, boys ;
There some shall conquer, and some must die, boys ;

D

WESTERN RESERVE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
CLEVELAND, O.

But that appals not you or me,
For our watch-word it shall be,
“Britons, strike home!”

Chorus.

“Britons, strike home! revenge your country’s
wrong!”

When rolling mists their march shall hide,
At dead of night a chosen band,
Listening to the dashing tide,
With silent tread shall print the sand:
Then where the Spanish colours fly, boys,
We’ll scale the walls, or bravely die, boys;
For we are Britons bold and free,
And our watch-word, it shall be,
“Britons, strike home!” &c.

The cruel Spaniard, then too late,
Dismay’d shall mourn the’ avenging blow,
Yet, vanquish’d meet the milder fate
Which mercy grants a fallen foe.
Thus shall the British banners fly, boys,
On yon proud turrets raised on high, boys;
And while the gallant flag we see,
We’ll swear our watch-word still shall be,
“Britons, strike home!” &c.

SONG FROM THE TRAGEDY OF “PIZARRO.”

Yes, yes, be merciless, thou Tempest dire!
Unaw’d, unshelter’d, I thy fury brave:
I’ll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,
Let it but guide me to Alonzo’s grave!

O’er his pale corse then, while thy lightnings glare,
I’ll press his clay-cold lips, and perish there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy ;
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy——

Thy father never !——

Thy laughing eyes will meet the light
Unconscious that eternal night
Veils his for ever !

On yon green bed of moss there lies my child,
Oh ! safer lies from these chill'd arms apart ;
He sleeps, sweet lamb ! nor heeds the tempest wild,
Oh ! sweeter sleeps than near this breaking heart.

Alas ! my babe, if thou wouldst peaceful rest,
Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast.

Yet thou wilt wake again, my boy ;
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy——

Thy father never !——

Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night
Veils his for ever !

SONG FROM THE DRAMA OF "THE STRANGER."

I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart ;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart !
This cherish'd woe, this loved despair,
My lot for ever be ;
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known to thee !

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek ;

When my poor trembling wasted breath
My life's last hope would speak ;
I shall not raise my eyes to heaven,
Nor mercy ask for me ;
My soul despairs to be forgiven,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee !

SONG, *

Think not, my love, when secret grief
Preys on my sadden'd heart,
Think not I wish a mean relief,
Or would from sorrow part.

Dearly I prize the sighs sincere,
That my true fondness prove ;
Nor would I wish to check the tear
That flows from hapless love !

Alas ! though doom'd to hope in vain
The joys that love requite,
Yet will I cherish all its pain,
With sad, but dear delight.

This treasured grief, this loved despair
My lot for ever be ;
But, dearest, may the pangs I bear
Be never known to thee !

* This song is believed to have been addressed to Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan. It was set to music by her brother. Mr. Sheridan subsequently inserted the fourth stanza, slightly altered, in the song which precedes it in this collection.

SONG.

As shepherds through the vapours grey
 Behold the dawning light,
 Yet doubt it is the rising day,
 Or meteor of the night ;

So varying passions in my breast,
 Its former calm destroy——
 By Hope and Fear at once oppress'd,
 I tremble at my joy !

TRANSLATIONS FROM "THE LOVE EPISTLES OF
 ARISTÆNETUS."*

EPISTLE I.

LAIS.

Aristænetus to Philocalus.

Blest with a form of heavenly frame,†
 Blest with a soul beyond that form ;

* The translation of Aristænetus was published in 1771, and was the joint production of Sheridan and his friend Halhed. The translators did not point out by any signature or indication the epistles which they respectively executed, and it is now impossible to ascertain the fact. The internal evidence, afforded by the superior spirit of the poetry and elegance of the versification, induces me to ascribe to Sheridan the specimens which are here given. The remaining epistles are of little poetical worth, and have, besides, the demerit of being faulty in a moral point of view. ED.

† In this letter Aristænetus describes the beauties of his mistress to his friend. This description differs

With more than mortal *ought* to claim,
With all that *can* a mortal warm,
Lais was from her birth design'd
To charm—yet triumph o'er mankind.
There Nature, lavish of her store,
Gave all she could—and wished for more ;
Whilst Venus gazed, her form was such !
Wondering how Nature gave so much :
Yet added she new charms ; for she
 Could add—" a fourth bright Grace, she said,
A fourth, beyond the other three,
 Shall raise my power in this sweet maid."
Then Cupid, to enhance the prize,
Gave all his little arts could reach :
To dart Love's Language from the eyes
He taught—'twas all was left to teach.

O fairest of the virgin band !
Thou master-piece of Nature's hand !
So like the Cyprian queen, I'd swear,
Her image fraught with life was there :
But silent all : and silent be,
That you may hear her praise from me :
I'll paint my Lais' form ; nor aid
I ask—for I have *seen* the maid.

in one circumstance from the usual poetic analysis of beauty ; which is this, that (if we except the epithets, "ruby," "snowy," &c. which could not well have been avoided) the lady it points out would be *really* beautiful : whereas, it is generally said "that a negro would be handsome, compared to a women in poetical dress."

Her cheek with native crimson glows,
But crimson softened by the rose :
'Twas Hebe's self bestow'd the hue !
Yet Health has added something too :
But if an over-tinge there be,
Impute it to her modesty.
Her lips of deeper red how thin !
How nicely white the teeth within !
Her nose how taper to the tip,
And slender as her ruby lip !
Her brows in arches proudly rise,
As conscious of her powerful eyes :
Those eyes, majestic black, display
The lustre of the god of day ;
And by the contrast of the white,
The jetty pupil shines more bright.
There the glad Graces keep their court,
And in the liquid mirror sport.
Her tresses, when no fillets bind,
Wanton luxurious in the wind :
Like Dian's auburn locks they *shone*—
But Venus *wreathed* them like her own.
Her neck, which well with snow might vie,
Is formed with nicest symmetry ;
In native elegance secure
The most obdurate heart to wound ;
But she, to make her conquests sure,
With sparkling gems bedecks it round ;
With gems, that, ranged in order due,*
Present the fair one's name to view.

* This conceit was formerly reckoned a peculiar elegance in a lady's dress.

Her light-spun robes in every part
Are fashion'd with the nicest art,
To' improve her stature, and to grace
The polish'd limbs which they embrace.
How beautiful she looks when drest !

But view her freed from this disguise,
Stripped of the' unnecessary vest—
'Tis Beauty's self before your eyes.

How stately doth my Lais go !
With studied step, composedly slow,
Superb, as some tall mountain fir,
Whom Zephyr's wing doth slightly stir :
(For surely Beauty is allied
By Nature very near to Pride.)
The groves indeed mild breezes move,
But her the gentler gales of Love.
From her the pencil learns its die—
The rosy lip, the sparkling eye ;
And bids the pictured form assume
Bright Helen's mien, and Hebe's bloom.
But how shall I describe her breast !

That now first swells with panting throb
To burst the fond embracing vest,
And emulate her snow-white robe.
So exquisitely soft her limbs !
That not a bone but pliant seems ;
As if the' embrace of love so warm
Would quite dissolve her beauteous form.
But when she speaks !—good Heavens ! e'en now
Methinks I hear my favourite song ;
E'en yet with love's respect I bow
To all the' enchantment of her tongue.

Her voice most *clear*—yet 'tis not *strong* ;
 Her periods *full*—though seldom *long*—
 With wit, *good-natured* wit, endowed ;
Fluent her speech—but never *loud*.
 Witness, ye Loves ! witness ; for well I know
 To her you've oft attention given ;
 Oft pensive flutter'd on your wings of snow
 To waft each dying sound to heaven.

Ah ! sure this fair enchantress found
 The zone which all the Graces bound :
 Not Momus could a blemish find,
 Or in her person or her mind.
 But why should Beauty's goddess spare
 To me this all-accomplished fair ?
 I for her charms did ne'er decide,*
 As Paris erst on lofty Ide ;
 I pleased her not in that dispute ;
 I gave her not the golden fruit :
 Then why the Paphian queen so free ?
 Why grant the precious boon to me ?
 Venus ! what sacrifice, what prayer,
 Can show my thanks for such a prize ?
 To bless a mortal with a fair
 Whose charms are worthy of the skies ?

She too, like Helen, can inspire
 The' unfeeling heart of age with fire ;†
 Can teach their lazy blood to move,
 And light again the torch of love :
 " O ! (cry the old) that erst such charms
 Had bloom'd to bless our youthful arms ;

* This alludes to the well-known contest between
 Juno, Venus, and Minerva, for the golden apple.

† Vide Homer's Iliad.

Or that we now were young, to show
How *we* could love some years ago !”

Have I not seen the’ admiring throng
For hours attending to her song ?
Whilst from her eyes such lustre shone
It added brightness to their own :
Sweet grateful beams of thanks they’d dart,
That showed the feelings of her heart.
Silent we’ve sat, with rapturous gaze !
Silent—but all our thoughts were praise :
Each turned with pleasure to the rest ;
And this the prayer that warm’d each breast :

“ Thus may that lovely bloom for ever glow !

Thus may those eyes for ever shine !

O may’st thou never feel the scourge of woe !

O never be misfortune thine !

Ne’er may the crazy hand of pining care

Thy mirth and youthful spirits break !

Never come sickness, or love-cross’d despair,

To pluck the roses from thy cheek !—

But bliss be thine—The cares which love supplies

Be all the cares that you shall dread ;

The grateful drop, *now* glistening in your eyes,

Be all the tears you ever shed !”

But hush’d be now thy amorous song,

And yield a theme thy praises wrong :

Just to her charms, thou canst not raise

Thy notes—but must I cease to praise ?

Yes—I *will* cease—for she’ll inspire

Again the lay, who strung my lyre.

Then fresh I’ll paint the charming maid,

Content if *she* my strain approves ;

Again my lyre shall lend its aid,
And dwell upon the theme it loves.

EPISTLE III.

THE GARDEN OF PHYLLION.*

Philoplatanus to Anthocomé.

Blest was my lot—ah! sure 'twas bliss, my friend,
The day—by heavens! the live-long day to spend
With Love, and my Limona!—Hence! in vain
Would mimic Fancy bring those scenes again!
In vain delighted Memory tries to raise
My doubtful song, and aid my will to praise!
In vain! Nor Fancy strikes, nor Memory knows
The little springs from whence those joys arose.
Yet come, coy Fancy,—sympathetic maid!
Yes—I *will* ask, I will implore thy aid:—
For I would tell my friend whate'er befell;
Whate'er I saw, whate'er I did, I'll tell—
But what I felt—sweet Venus! *there* inspire
My lay, or wrap *his* soul in all thy fire!

Bright rose the morn, and bright remain'd the day;
The mead was spangled with the bloom of May:

* This is surely a most elegant descriptive pastoral, and hardly inferior to any of Theocritus. The images are all extremely natural and simple, though the expression is glowing and luxurious: they are selected from a variety of Greek authors, but chiefly from the Phædon of Plato. What intersersion there may be, have been before apologized for; but their detection shall be left to the sagacity or inquisition of the reader. The case is the same with the first Epistle, and indeed with most of them,

We on the bank of a sweet stream were laid,
With blushing rose and lowly violets spread :
Fast by our side a spreading plane-tree grew,
And waved its head, that shone with morning dew.
The bank acclivious rose, and swell'd above—
The frizzled moss a pillow for my love.
Trees with their ripen'd stores glow'd all around ;
The loaded branches bowed upon the ground.
Sure the fair virgins of Pomona's train
In those glad orchards hold their fertile reign.
The fruit nectareous, and the scented bloom
Wafted on Zephyr's wing their rich perfume.
A leaf I bruised*—what grateful scents arose !
Ye gods ! what odours did a *leaf* disclose !
Aloft, each elm slow waved its dusky top ;
The willing vine embraced the sturdy prop ;
And while we stray'd the ripen'd grape to find,
Around our necks the clasping tendrils twined ;
I with a smile would tell the entangled fair,
I envied even the vines a lodging there ;
Then twist them off, and soothe with amorous play
Her breasts, and kiss each rosy mark away.
Cautious Limona trod—her step was slow—
For much she feared the skulking fruits below ;
Cautious—lest haply she, with slippery tread,
Might tinge her snowy feet with vinous red.
Around, with critic glance, we viewed the store,
And oft rejected what we'd praised before ;

* Nothing can be more rural, and at the same time forcible, than this image ; where the universal fragrance of the spot is not expatiated on, but marked at once by this simple specimen.

This would my love accept, and *this* refuse—
For varied plenty puzzled us to choose—
“Here may the bunches, tasteless, immature,¹
Unheeded learn to blush, and swell secure;
In richer garb yon turgid clusters stand,
And glowing purple tempts the plundering hand.
Then reach them down (she said), for you *can* reach,
And cull with daintiest hand, the best of each.”
Pleased I obeyed, and gave my love—while she
Returned sweet thanks, and pick’d the best for me—
’Twas pleasing sure—yet I refused her suit,
But kiss’d the liberal hand that held the fruit.

Hard by, the ever-jovial harvest train
Hail the glad season of Pomona’s reign;
With rustic song, around her fane they stand,
And lisping children join the choral band.
They, busily intent, now strive to aid,
Now first they’re taught the’ hereditary trade;
’Tis theirs to class the fruits in order due,
For pliant rush to search the meadow through;
To mark if chance unbruised a wind-fall drop:
Or teach the infant vine to know its prop.
And haply too some aged sire is there,
To check disputes and give to each his share;—
With feeble voice their little work he cheers,
Smiles at his toil, and half forgets his years—
“Here let the pippin, fretted o’er with gold,
In fostering straw defy the winter’s cold;
The hardier russet here will safely keep,
And dusky rennet, with its crimson cheek:
But mind, my boys, the mellow pear to place
In soft inclosure, with divided space;
And mindful most, how lies the purple plumb,
Nor soil with heedless touch, its native bloom.”

Intent they listen'd to the' instructing lord—
But most intent to glean their own reward.

Now turn my loved Limona, turn and view
How changed the scene ! how elegantly new !
Mark how yon vintager enjoys his toil ;
Glow's with flush red, and Bacchanalian smile :
His slippery sandals burst the luscious vine
And splash alternate in the new-born wine.
Not far the labouring train, whose care supplies
The trodden press, and bids fresh plenty rise—
The teeming boughs, that bend beneath their freight,
One busy peasant eases of the weight ;
One climbs to where the' aspiring summits shoot ;
Beneath a hoary sire receives the fruit.

Pleased we admired the jovial bustling throng,
Blest even in toil !—but we admired not long.
For calmer joys we left the busy scene,
And sought the thicket and the stream again :
For sacred was the fount, and all the grove
Was hallowed kept, and dedicate to love.
Soon gentle breezes, freshen'd from the wave,
Our temples fanned, and whispered us to lave.
The stream itself seem'd murmuring at our feet
Sweet invitation from the noon-day heat—
We bathed—and while we swam, so clear it flow'd,
That every limb the crystal mirror shewed.
But my love's bosom oft deceived my eye,
Resembling those fair fruits that glided by ;
For when I thought her swelling breast to clasp,
An apple met my disappointed grasp.*

* This allusion seems forced ; but the ancients had an apple, which came from Cydon, a town of Crete, and was called Cydonian, that, from its size

Delightful was the stream itself—I swear,
 By those glad nymphs who make the founts their care,
 It *was* delightful!—but more pleasing still
 When sweet Limona sported in the rill :
 For her soft blush such sweet reflection gave,
 It tinged with rosy hues the pallid wave.
 Thus, thus delicious was the murmuring spring ;
 Nor less delicious the cool zephyr's wing ;
 Which mild allay'd the sun's meridian power,
 And swept the fragrant scent from every flower :
 A scent that feasted my transported sense,
 Like that, Limona's sweet perfumes dispense :
 But still, my love, superior thine I swear—
 At least thy partial lover thinks they are.

Near where we sat full many a gladdening sound,
 Beside the rustling breeze, was heard around :
 The little grasshopper essay'd its song,
 As if 'twould emulate the feather'd throng :
 Still lisp'd it uniform—yet now and then
 It something chirped, and skipped upon the green,
 Aloft the sprightly warblers filled the grove ;
 Sweet native melody ! sweet notes of love !
 While nightingales their artless strains essayed,
 The air, methought, felt cooler in the glade.
 A thousand feather'd throats the chorus joined,
 And held harmonious converse with mankind.
 Still in mine eye the sprightly songsters play ;
 Sport on the wing, or twitter on the spray :

and beautiful colour, might be said to resemble a woman's breast ; and the allusion is frequent in the old poets. In the eighteenth of these Epistles we meet with the *Κυδώριον μέγας*.

On foot alternate rest their little limbs,
Or cool their pinions in the gliding streams.
Surprise the worm, or sip the brook aloof,
Or watch the spider weave his subtile woof—
We the mean time discoursed in whispers low,
Lest haply speech disturb the rural show.

Listen—Another pleasure I display,
That helped delightfully the time away.
From distant vales, where bubbles from its source
A crystal rill, they dug a winding course :
See ! through the grove a narrow lake extends,
Crosses each plot, to each plantation bends ;
And while the fount in new meanders glides,
The forest brightens with refreshing tides.
Towards us they taught the new-born stream to flow,
Towards us it crept irresolute and slow :
Scarce had the infant current trickled by,
When lo ! a wondrous fleet attracts our eye : *
Laden with draughts might greet a monarch's tongue,
The mimic navigation swam along.—
Hasten ye ship-like goblets, down the vale,
Your freight a flagon, and a leaf your sail ! †

* This is an exceedingly pretty image. The water-bailiff dug a small water-course, which came by the feet of these people in the garden ; and the stream had scarce passed by them when the servants sent down several drinking vessels in the shape of ships ; which held warm liquor so nicely tempered, that the coolness of the water which encompassed it in its passage, was just sufficient to render it palatable when it arrived at the port of destination.

† In the original, this luxurious image is pursued so far, that the very leaf, which is represented as the

O may no envious rush thy course impede,
 Or floating apple stop thy tide-borne speed !
 His mildest breath a gentle zephyr gave ;
 The little vessels trimly stemmed the wave :
 Their precious merchandize to land they bore,
 And one by one resign'd the balmy store.
 Stretch but a hand, we boarded them, and quaffed
 With native luxury the temper'd draught.
 For where they loaded the nectareous fleet,
 The goblet glowed with too intense a heat ;
 Cool'd by degrees in these convivial ships,
 With nicest taste it met our thirsty lips.

Thus in delight the flowery path we trod
 To Venus sacred, and the rosy god :
 Here might we kiss, here Love secure might reign,
 And revel free, with all his amorous train—
 And we *did* kiss, my friend, and Love was there,
 And smoothed the rustic couch that held my fair.
 Like a spring mead * with scented blossoms crown'd,
 Her head with choicest wreaths Limona bound :
 But Love, sweet Love ! his sacred torch so bright
 Had fanned, that, glowing from the rosy light,
 A blush—(the print of a connubial kiss,
 The conscious tatler of consummate bliss)—
 Still flushed upon her cheek ; and well might show
 The choicest wreaths she made, how they should glow ;

sail of a vessel, is particularised as of a medicinal nature, capable of preventing any ill effects the wine might produce.

* The word *λειμων* signifies a meadow : and the author takes occasion to play upon it, by saying, that Limona crowned herself with these flowers, to look like the meadow in which they grew.

Might every flower with kindred bloom o'erspread,
And tinge the vernal rose with deeper red.

But come, my friend, and share my happy lot ;—
The bounteous Phyllion owns this blissful spot :
Phyllion, whose generous care to all extends,
And most is blest while he can bless his friends.
Then come, and quickly come ; but with thee bring
The nymph whose praises oft I've heard thee sing—
The blooming Myrtala ; she'll not refuse
To tread the solitude her swain shall choose.
Thy sight will all my busy schemes destroy ;
I'll dedicate another day to joy ;
When social converse shall the scene improve,
And sympathy bestow new charms on love,
Then shall the' accustomed bank a couch be made ;
Once more the nodding plane shall lend its shade ;
Once more I'll view Pomona's jovial throng ;
Once more the birds shall raise the sprightly song ;
Again the little stream be taught to flow ;
Again the little fleet its balm bestow ;
Again I'll gaze upon Limona's charms,
And sink transported in her quivering arms ;
Again my cheek shall glow upon her breast ;
Again she'll yield, and I again be blessed.

EPISTLE X.*

ACONTIUS AND CYDIPPE.

Eratoclea to Dionysis

Long buffeted by adverse fate,
The victim of Diana's hate,

* This is an epistolary narrative of the loves of Acontius and Cydippe. Acontius was a youth of

At last the blest Acontius led
 Cydippe to the bridal bed.
 Ne'er had been formed by Nature's care
 So lovely, so complete a pair.
 And truth* to that belief gave rise,
 That similarities so nice,
 By destiny's impulsive act
 Each other mutually attract.
 On fair Cydippe, Beauty's queen
 Had lavished all her magazine :
 From all her charms † the magic cest
 Reserved and freely gave the rest :
 That cest, not fit for mortal bodies,
 Her own prerogative as goddess ;
 And but for which distinction, no man
 Could know the' immortal from the woman.
 In three, like Hesiod, to comprise
 The graces sparkling in her eyes,
 Were idle ; since to count them all,
 A thousand were a sum too small.
 Nor were *his* eyes devoid of light,
 Bold and yet modest, sweet though bright :

the isle of Cea, who, going to Delos during the solemnities of Diana, fell in love with Cydippe, and being inferior to her in wealth and rank, he there practised the deceit which is the subject of this epistle. We find the story in Ovid,

* ——— *ὁμοίον ἀγεί θεὸς ὡς τὸν ὁμοίον.*

† Homer tells us of this magic girdle belonging to Venus : which made the person who wore it the object of universal love, and which Juno once borrowed to deceive Jupiter.

Whilst health and glowing vigour spread
 His downy cheek with native red.—
 Numbers from every quarter ran,
 To see this master-piece of man :
 Crowds at the forum you might meet :
 And if he did but cross the street,
 The' applauding train his steps pursued,
 And praised and wonder'd as they view'd.

Such was the' accomplish'd youth, whose breast
 The fair Cydippe robbed of rest.
 And 'twas but justice, that the swain
 For whom so many sigh'd in vain,
 Should feel how exquisite the smart
 That rankles in a lover's heart.—
 So Cupid, throwing to the ground
 His shafts that tickle while they wound,
 Aim'd at the youth with all his strength
 An arrow of a wonderous length :
 His aim, alas ! was all too true ;
 Quick to its goal the weapon flew.—
 But when Acontius felt the blow,
 What language can express his woe ?
 The fair one's heart he vow'd to move,*
 Or end at once his life and love.
 While he who shot so keen a dart,
 The god of stratagem and art,
 Awed haply by his graceful mien,
 Taught him with wiles the fair to win.
 Thus, while at Dian's hallowed fane
 Cydippe join'd the maiden train,

* Aut ego Sigæos repetam, te conjuge, portus,
 Aut ego Tænariâ contegar exul humo.

Towards her attendant's feet he rolled
(Inscribed with characters of gold)
An apple of Cydonian stem :
(Love's garden raised the budding gem.)
The girl immediate seized the prize :
Admired its colour and its size :
Much wondering from what virgin's zone
So fair a prisoner could have flown.
" 'Tis sure (said she) a fruit divine ;
But then what means this mystic line ?
Cydippe, see, just now I found
This apple ; view how large, how round :
See how it shames the rose's bloom :
And smell its exquisite perfume.
And, dearest mistress, tell me, pray,
The meaning which these words convey ?"
The blushing fruit Cydippe eyed,
Then read the' inscription on the side.—
" By chaste Diana's sacred head,
I swear I will Acontius wed."
Thus vowed she at the hallow'd shrine,
Though rashly, though without design ;
And utter'd not for modest dread,
The last emphatic word, to wed ;
Which but to hear,* much more to speak,
With blushes paints a virgin's cheek.
" Ah !" cries the half-distracted fair,
" Diana sure has heard me swear :
Yes, favoured youth, without dispute
She has assented to thy suit."

* *Nomine conjugii dicto, confusa pudore
Sensi me totis erubuisse genis.*

He the meanwhile, from day to day,
In ceaseless anguish pined away,—
His tears usurped the place of sleep ;
For shame forbade all day to weep.
Sickly and thin his body grew :
His cheeks had lost their ruddy hue.
Thousand pretences would he fain,
To loiter on the lonely plain ;
Striving most eagerly to fly
The keenness of his father's eye.
Oft with the morn's first beam he'd leave
His tear-bathed couch ; and, to deceive
His friends' concern, some untouch'd book,
As studious bent, the lover took ;
Then to the grove, the peaceful grove,
Where silence yields full scope to love.
Thus from their hard attention freed,
He wept unsought, yet *seem'd* to read.
Thither if chance his father drew,
And bared the wanderer to his view,
Knowledge he thought the stripling's aim,
A laudible desire for fame ;
And every sigh his sorrow brought,
The old man construed into thought,
Or if he wept—as tears *would* flow—
He only wept at others woe.

Still, too, when pleasant evening came,
And others sought the frolic game,
Still he was wont to shun the feast,
To feign that angling pleased him best ;—
Then busy with his rod and hook
He sought some solitary brook.—
But ye were safe, ye finny brood,
And safely stemmed your native flood ;

Secure around his float to glide,
And dash the' unbaited hook aside.

Yet still 'twas solitude ; and he
Must give his solitude a plea :
Besides, the posture pleased, for grief
In humblest postures finds relief :
True love the suppliant's bend will please,
And sorrow unrestrained is ease.

His friends, who found he fled the town,
Concluded him a farmer grown ;
And called him, in derision pleasant,
Laertes, or the new made peasant.—

But he, sad lover ! little made
The vines his care, or plied the spade ;
Little he cared how sped the bower,
And little marked the drooping flower,
But wandering through the bushy brake,
Thus in bewilder'd accents spake :
“ O ! that each pine and spreading beech,
Were blest with reason and with speech !
So might they evermore declare
Cydippe fairest of the fair.

At least, ye thickets, I will mark
Her lovely name upon your bark.

O dear inspirer of my pain,
Let not thy oath be sworn in vain :
Let not the goddess find that thou
Hast dared to falsify a vow !

With vengeance every crime she threats,
But never perjury forgets.—

Yet not on thee the fatal meed—

'Tis I, who caused thy crime, should bleed. —
On me then, Dian, vent thine ire,
And let her crime with me expire.

But tell me, lofty groves, O tell,
Ye seats were feather'd warblers dwell,
Can love your knotty bosoms reach,
And burns the cypress for the beech?
Ah!—no!—ye never feel the smart;
Ne'er Cupid pierced that stubborn heart.
Think ye, your worthless leaves, ye trees,
His mighty anger could appease?
No—silly woods! his ample fire
Above your branches could aspire;
Upon the very trunk would prey,
And burn your hardest root away."

Meantime a happier lover's arms
Prepared to clasp Cydippe's charms.
Already had the virgin throng
Attuned their Hymeneal song—
"Strike ye now the golden lyre,
Modulate the vocal choir."
But hark! what horrid shrieks arise?
Cydippe faints—Cydippe dies.
The bridal pomp, alas! is fled;
Funereal sounds are heard instead.—
Yet soft!—she lives—she breathes again,
"Louder raise the nuptial strain."
A second time the fever burns:
A second time her health returns.
Again the marriage torches blaze—
Again Cydippe's bloom decays.
No longer will her sire await
The fourth avenging stroke of fate;
But of the Pythian shrine demands,
What god opposed the nuptial bands?
Phœbus at once revealed the truth,
The vow, the apple, and the youth.—

Told him, her oath the maid must keep,
 Or ne'er would Dian's vengeance sleep.
 Then added thus the god, "Whene'er
 Acontius gains the blooming fair,
 Not silver shall be join'd with lead—
 But gold the purest gold shall wed."
 So spoke the shrine divinely skilled—
 Cydippe soon her vow fulfilled;
 No clouds of sickness intervene
 To darken the delightful scene.—
 While striking with directive hand,
 A virgin led the choral band:
 Attentive to each warbling throat,
 She chided each discordant note,
 Others their hands applausive beat,
 Like cymbals sounding as they meet.

* * * * *

EPISTLE XIV.*

THE PROVIDENT SHEPHERDESS.

Philematium to Eumusus.

Hence! hence! ye songsters, hence! ye idle train!
 Vain is the song, the pipe's soft warbling vain!
 In me nor joy thy strains inspire,
 Nor passion can thy numbers move;
 The thrills of the resounding lyre
 To me are not the thrills of Love.
 For I know well to value gold aright;
 I scorn a passion—while its gifts are light.

* This letter is from a girl to her lovers, who court-
 ed her with music instead of money.

Puff not your cheeks, fond youths! dismiss the flute!
Hushed be the harp, the soft guitar be mute!

Or hie where pensive Echo sits
Moping the lonely rocks among;

She'll listen to your chanting fits,

Applaud, and pay you song for song.

But I know well to value gold aright,
And scorn a passion while its gifts are light.

Do, good Charmides, stop thy tuneful tongue;
And, friendly Lycias, trust not to thy song.

There is a sound—and well you know

That sound I never heard from thee—

The smallest clink of which, I vow,

Is sweetest harmony to me.

For I've been taught to value gold aright,
And scorn a passion while its gifts are light.

Why do your vows in tuneful numbers flow?

Why urge the joys I do not wish to know?

Say, youth can thy poetic fire

Make folly pleasant to the ear?

Can thy soft notes, and soothing lyre,

Make cats, and *lovers'* oaths, sincere?

Go! go! I know to value gold aright,
And scorn a passion while its gifts are light.

Soft is thy note—I grant 'tis soft;

Sweet is thy lay—but I have heard it oft;

And will thy piping ne'er disgust,

When all the novelty is past?

Your stock will fail—you know it must;

And sweetest sounds will tire at last.

Then now's the time to value gold aright,
To scorn a passion while its gifts are light.

When the cold hand of age has damped thy fire,
Unstrung thy harp, and hushed the unheeded lyre ;—

Say will thy tuneless crazy voice

Keep chilling penury away ?

Will memory lead us to rejoice

Because, poor bard, thou *once* could'st play ?

No ! no ! then still I'll value gold aright,

And still the lover scorn whose gifts are light.

Then hence ! ye songsters, hence ye idle train !

Vain is the song, the pipe's soft warbling vain !

No idle triflings captivate this breast ;—

Produce your money—I'll excuse the rest.

Puff not your cheeks, fond youths ! dismiss the flute !

Hush'd be the harp, the soft guitar be mute !

Such signs of passion in contempt I hold :—

But there's substantial proof of love—in gold !

I know you fancy me an easy fool,

Raw and undisciplined in Venus' school ;

A thoughtless victim, whom a song could move,

And each fond lay inspire with throbs of love :

Deluded swains ! but vain do ye opine—

Know the whole science of intrigue is mine.

A dame experienced in the mystic art,

Taught me to play with ablest skill my part :

Taught me to laugh at songs, and empty strains ;

And taught how Cupid shone—in *golden* chains.

My sister, too, and all her amorous train,

Tutored my youth—nor were their lessons vain.

Full oft her suitors hath she frankly told,

“ Your aim is beauty, sirs, and mine is—gold :

Each other's wants let's mutually supply.”

'Twas thus my sister spoke,—and thus speak I.

With her, I laugh at Cupid's batter'd name ;
 With her, I mock what fools call *generous flame* ;
 With her, my theme's to value gold aright,
 And scorn a passion while its gifts are light.

EPISTLE XV.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

Aphrodisius to Lysimachus.

Love, or of force, or of persuasion,
 Avails him as best suits the' occasion :
 And all who've felt his tingling dart,
 Will own his conquest o'er the heart.
 Love can the thirst of blood assuage,
 And bid the battle cease to rage :
 Quell the rude discord, and compose
 To peace the most determined foes.
 Vain is the lance, and vain the shield,
 And vain the wide-embattled field ;
 Vain the long military train,
 And Mars with all his terrors vain.
 Cupid his stubborn angry soul
 Can with a little shaft control.—
 Each champion, who with fury brave
 Would stem war's most destructive wave,
 Without a stroke, to love will yield,
 And quit at once his useless shield.—
 To' insure your credit to my text,
 A case in point is here annexed.

Two cities of no mean estate,
 Miletus this, and Myus that,
 Had long in mutual conflicts bled,
 While Commerce drooped with languid head.

And only while Miletus kept
Diana's feast the conflict slept :
A solemn truce was then allowed :—
At Dian's shrine each city bowed.—
And, till the festive revels cease,
'Twas naught but harmony and peace.
Then gleams the hostile blade again,
And reeking gore manures the plain.
But Venus little could sustain
That Discord should eternal reign ;
So closed for ever their dispute :
And thus she found the means to do't.

From Myus to Miletus came
A girl (Piëria was her name ;)
Bright as the morn she was by nature,
And Venus now retouch'd each feature.

Then, at what time the sacred train
Attended at Diana's fane,
The prince of the Miletians came
And saw the maid, and felt the flame.
And soon the prince his love addressed,
“ Speak, charmer, speak thy first request.
Whate'er thy wish, whate'er thy want,
Be't mine to make a double grant.”

But thee, fair maid, supreme in mind
As well as charms o'er womankind,
No idle choice seduced aside,
No giddy wish, no hurtful pride :
Thee could no costly gem ensnare,
No trinket to adorn thy hair :
No Carian slave didst thou request,
No precious chain, no Tyrian vest.—
But long didst stand with downcast eye,
As hesitating to reply ;

Essaying, but in vain, to speak,
 While blushes dyed thy modeſt cheek.
 At laſt thy faltering tongue with fear
 Thus uttered faintly in his ear,
 “ Prince, to theſe walls give access free
 At all times for my friends and me.”
 Phrygius full well perceived her drift,
 Yet nobly ratified his gift.
 A peace was ſoon proclaim’d around,
 And mighty Love the treaty bound :
 A more ſufficient guarantee
 Than any bonds or oaths could be.
 And this example well may prove
 That naught’s ſo eloquent as Love :
 For oft had orators, whoſe ſtyle was
 Millifluent as the ſeer’s of Pylos,*
 Convened, debated, and returned—
 While ſtill the rage of battle burn’d.
 But Cupid’s ſweeter elocution
 Brought matters quick to a concluſion.
 And hence the Ionian maids deduce
 The’ expreſſion now ſo much in uſe,
 “ May we ſuch noble preſents have, |
 As erſt the princely Phrygius gave !
 And may our lords as faithful be
 As thine, Piëria, was to thee.”

DRAMATIC SPECIMENS.

FROM THE COMEDY OF “ THE RIVALS.”

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Fag.

Sir, there is a gentleman below deſires to ſee you—
 Shall I ſhow him into the parlour ?

* Nestor, famous in Homer for his eloquence.

Absolute. Ay, you may.

Acres. Well I must be gone——

Abs. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Abs. You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly? [*Exit Fag.*]

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings.—I have sent also to my dear friend Sir Lucious O'Trigger.—Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Abs. That I will with all my heart. [*Exit Acres.*]
Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter Sir Anthony.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack—What, are you recruiting here, hey?

Abs. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abs. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been consid-

ering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abs. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Abs. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abs. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife—why, did I not mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so!—I musn't forget *her*, though.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir! Sir!—you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, sir—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have an estate, you must take it with the live stock on it as it stands.

Abs. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Abs. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affection for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.

Abs. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, my inclinations are fixed on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.

Sir Anth. Then pray let it send an excuse—it is very sorry—but business prevents its waiting on her.

Abs. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anth. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have an angel's vows in exchange, I suppose, so there can be no loss there.

Abs. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark'ee, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted—no one more easily

led—when I have my own way—but don't put me in a phrenzy.

Abs. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now d—n me if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Abs. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I wont hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what Jack—I mean you dog—if you don't, by——

Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

Sir Anth. Z—ds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Abs. I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please—it wont do with me, I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word.

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! Can't you be cool like me? What the devil good can *passion* do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate.—There you sneer again!—don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition: Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this; if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why, confound you! I may in time forgive you—if not, z—ds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again! [Exit Sir Anthony.]

Absolute, solus.

Abs. Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands! What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth. I wonder what old wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold intriguer, and a gay companion!

Enter Fag.

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way: I and the cook's dog stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me take that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, d—ns us for a puppy triumvirate! Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Abs. Cease your impertinence, sir, at present.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way!
[*Pushes him aside, and exit.*]

Fag, solus.

Fag. Soh! Sir Anthony trims my master: he is afraid to reply to his father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper—the basest——

Enter Errand Boy.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well! you little dirty puppy, you need not bawl so! The meanest disposition! the——

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick! quick! you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too? you little impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred——

[*Exit, kicking and beating him.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Absolute.

Abs. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed.—Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to *force* me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with!—He must not know of my connexion with her yet a while. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters.—However, I'll read my recantation instantly.—My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very *sincere*.—So, so,—here he comes.—He looks plaguy gruff. [*Steps aside.*]

Enter Sir Anthony.

Sir Anth. No,—I'll die sooner than forgive him.—Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him.—At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper.—An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy!—Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since!—But I have done with him;—he's anybody's son for me.—I never will see him more,—never—never—never—never.

Abs. Now for a penitential face. [*Aside.*]

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way.

Abs. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Abs. A sincere penitent.—I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What's that?

Abs. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and

considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, sir?

Abs. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, puppy?

Abs. Why then, sir, the result of my reflection is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why now you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard any thing more sensible in my life.—Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Abs. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is.—Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare.—What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Abs. Languish? What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Abs. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay—I think I do recollect something.—*Languish! Languish!* she squints, don't she?—A little red-haired girl?

Sir Anth. Squints!—A red-haired girl!—Z—ds!
no.

Abs. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! think of blooming, love-breathing seventeen!

Abs. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent.—If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but, Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love!—Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks. Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes!—Then, Jack, her lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in sullenness.

Abs. That's she indeed.—Well done, old gentleman! *[Aside.*

Sir Anth. Then, Jack, her neck!—O Jack! Jack!

Abs. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The *aunt*, indeed!—Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Abs. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father!—Z—ds! not to please—Oh, my father!—Oddso!—yes—yes; if my father indeed had desired—that's quite another matter.—Though he wan't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Abs. I dare say not, sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

Abs. Sir, I repeat it—if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome ; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back ; and though *one* eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot it is ! Why, sirrah, you're an anchorite !—a vile insensible stock.—You a soldier !—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on !—Odds life ! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself !

Abs. I am entirely at your disposal, sir : if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the *aunt* ; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady, 'tis the same to me—I'll marry the *niece*.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or——But, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must.—Come, now—d—n your demure face !—Come, confess, Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you ? you have been playing the hypocrite, hey !—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Abs. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty ! But come along with me ; I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall

be the Promethean torch to you,—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself! [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Julia, sola.

——— How this message has alarmed me ! what dreadful accident can he mean ? why such charge to be alone ?—O Faulkland ! how many unhappy moments—how many tears have you cost me !

Enter Faulkland.

Jul. What means this ?—why this caution, Faulkland ?

Faulk. Alas ! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

Jul. Heavens ! what do you mean ?

Faulk. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not !—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me.—I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly.—O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have called you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment !

Jul. My soul is oppressed with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune : had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love. My heart has long known no other guardian.—I now intrust my person to your honour—

we will fly together.—When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled, and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love, with a cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

Faulk. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution.—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

Jul. I ask not a moment.—No, Faulkland, I have loved you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger.—Perhaps this delay——

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark.—Yet I am grieved to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Jul. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act.—I know not whether 'tis so.—But sure that alone can never make us unhappy.—The little I have will be sufficient to support us, and exile never should be splendid.

Faulk. Ay, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps

the recollection of the deed my conscience cannot justify may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness !

Jul. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you :—one who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you *so* to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. Julia, I have proved you to the quick ! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition ?

Jul. Has no such disaster happened as you related ?

Faulk. I am ashamed to own that it was pretended ; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated : but sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitress, and expiate my past folly by years of tender adoration.

Jul. Hold, Faulkland !—that you are free from a crime, which I before feared to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice !—These are tears of thankfulness for that ! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart gives me now a pang, more keen than I can express !

Faulk. By heavens ! Julia——

Jul. Yet hear me.—My father loved you, Faulkland ! and you preserved the life that tender parent

gave me ; in his presence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When soon after I lost that parent, it seemed to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shown me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty as well as my affection ; hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another.—I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.—

Faulk. I confess it all ! yet hear——

Jul. After such a year of trial, I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary ! I now see it is not in your nature to be content, or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unrepublishing kindness, might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gained a dearer influence over you ; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expense of one who never could contend with you.

Faulk. Nay, but Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this——

Jul. But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another.—I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity ; and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send you will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement. All I request of *you* is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of—let it not be your *least* regret, that it lost you

the love of one—who would have followed you in beggary through the world ! [Exit.

Faulk. She's gone !—for ever !—There was an awful resolution in her manner that riveted me to my place.—O fool !—dolt !—barbarian !—Curst as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, kind Fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side !—I must now hast to my appointment.—Well, my mind is tuned for such a scene.—I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here.—O love !—tormentor !—fiend !—whose influence, like the moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness ! [Exit.

FROM "ST. PATRICK'S DAY : " A FARCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Trounce, Flint, and four Soldiers.

1st. Sol. I say you are wrong ; we should all speak together, each for himself, and all at once, that we may all be heard the better.

2d. Sol. Right, Jack, we'll argue in platoons.

3d Sol. Ay, ay ! let him have our grievances in a volley, and if we be to have a spokesman, there's the corporal is the lieutenant's countryman, and knows his humour.

Cor. Let me alone for that. I served three years, within a bit, under his honour, in the Royal Inniskillions, and I never will see a sweeter tempered gentleman, nor one more free with his purse. I put a great shamrock in his hat this morning, and I'll be

bound for him he'll wear it, was it as big as Steven's green.

4th Sol. I say again there you talk like youngsters, like militia striplings; there's a discipline, look'ee, in all things, whereof the sergeant must be our guide; he's a gentleman of words; he understands your foreign lingo, your figures, and such like auxiliaries in scoring. Confess now for a reckoning, whether in chalk or writing, ben't he your only man?

Cor. Why the sergeant is a scholar to be sure, and has the gift of reading.

Serg. Good soldiers and fellow-gentlemen, if you make me your spokesman, you will show the more judgment; and let me alone for the argument. I'll be as loud as a drum, and point blank from the purpose.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Cor. O fait! here comes the lieutenant; now, sergeant.

Serg. So then, to order.—Put on your mutiny looks; every man grumb'e a little to himself, and some of you hum the deserter's march.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. Well, honest lads, what is it you have to complain of?

Sol. Ahem! hem!

Serg. So please your honour, the very grievance of the matter is this:—Ever since your honour differed with Justice Credulous, our inkkeepers use us most scurvily. By my halbert, their treatment is such, that if your spirit was willing to put up with it, flesh and blood could by no means agree; so we humbly petition that your honour will make an end of the mat-

ter at once, by running away with the justice's daughter, or else get us fresh quarters,—hem ! hem !

Lieut. Indeed ? Pray which of the houses use you ill ?

1st. Sol. There's The Red Lion an't half the civility of the Old Red Lion.

2d Sol. There's The White Horse, if he wasn't case-hardened, ought to be ashamed to show his face.

Lieut. Very well ; The Horse and The Lion shall answer for it at the quarter sessions.

Serg. The Two Magpies are civil enough ; but The Angel uses us like devils, and The Rising Sun refuses us light to go to bed by.

Lieut. Then upon my word, I'll have The Rising Sun put down, and The Angel shall give security for his good behaviour ; but are you sure you do nothing to quit scores with them ?

Cor. Nothing at all, your honour, unless now and then we happen to fling a cartridge into the kitchen fire, or put a spatterdash or so into the soup ; and sometimes Ned drums up and down stairs a little of a night.

Lieut. Oh, all that's fair : but hark'ee, lads, I must have no grumbling on St. Patrick's day ; so here, take this, and divide it amongst you. But observe me now,—show yourselves men of spirit, and don't spend sixpence of it in drink.

Serg. Nay, hang it, your honour, soldiers should never bear malice ; we must drink St. Patrick's and your honour's health.

All. Oh, d—n malice ! St. Patrick's and his honour by all means.

Cor. Come away, then, lads, and first we'll parade

round the Market-cross for the honour of King George.

1st Sol. Thank your honour. Come along; St. Patrick, his honour, and strong beer for ever!

[*Exit Soldiers.*]

Lieut. Get along, you thoughtless vagabonds! yet, upon my conscience, 'tis very hard these poor fellows can scarcely have bread from the soil they would die to defend.

Enter Doctor Rosy.

Ah, my little Doctor Rosy, my Galen-abridge!—What's the news?

Doct. All things are as they were, my Alexander; the justice is as violent as ever: I felt his pulse on the matter again, and, thinking his rage began to intermit, I wanted to throw in the bark of good advice, but it would not do. He says you and your cut-throats have a plot upon his life, and swears he had rather see his daughter in a scarlet fever than in the arms of a soldier.

Lieut. Upon my word the army is very much obliged to him. Well, then, I must marry the girl first, and ask his consent afterwards.

Doct. So, then, the case of her fortune is desperate, hey?

Lieut. Oh, hang fortune,—let that take its chance; there is a beauty in Laretta's simplicity, so pure a bloom upon her charms.

Doct. So there is, so there is. You are for beauty as nature made her, hey! No artificial graces, no cosmetic varnish, no beauty in grain, hey!

Lieut. Upon my word doctor, you are right; the

London ladies were always too handsome for me ; then they are so defended ; such a circumvallation of hoop, with a breast-work of whale-bone, that would turn a pistol-bullet, much less Cupid's arrows,—then turret on turret on top, with stores of concealed weapons, under pretence of black pins,—and above all, a standard of feathers that would do honour to a Knight of the Bath. Upon my conscience, I could as soon embrace an Amazon, armed at all points.

Doct. Right, right, my Alexander—my taste to a tittle.

Lieut. Then doctor, though I admire modesty in women, I like to see their faces. I am for the changeable rose ; but with one of these quality Amazons, if their midnight dissipations had left them blood enough to raise a blush, they have not room enough in their cheeks to show it. To be sure, bashfulness is a very pretty thing ; but in my mind, there is nothing on earth so impudent as an everlasting blush.

Doct. My taste, my taste—Well, Lauretta is none of these—Ah ! I never see her but she puts me in mind of my poor dear wife.

Lieut. Ay, faith, in my opinion she can't do a worse thing. Now he is going to bother me about an old hag that has been dead these six years. [*Aside.*

Doct. Oh, poor Dolly ! I shall never see her like again ; such an arm for a bandage—veins that seemed to invite the lancet. Then her skin, smooth and white as a gallipot ; her mouth as round and not larger than the mouth of a penny phial ; her lips conserve of roses ; and then her teeth—none of your sturdy fixtures—ache as they would, it was but a small pull, and out they came,—I believe I have drawn half-a-score of her poor dear pearls—(*weeps*)—but what avails her

beauty? Death has no consideration—one must die as well as another.

Lieut. Oh, if he begins to moralize——

[*Takes out his snuff box.*]

Doct. Fair and ugly, crooked or straight, rich or poor—flesh is grass—flowers fade!

Lieut. Here, doctor, take a pinch, and keep up your spirits.

Doct. True, true, my friend; grief can't mend the matter—all's for the best; but such a woman was a great loss, lieutenant.

Lieut. To be sure, for doubtless she had mental accomplishments equal to her beauty.

Doct. Mental accomplishments! she would have stuffed an alligator, or pickled a lizard, with any apothecary's wife in the kingdom. Why, she could decipher a prescription, and invent the ingredients, almost as well as myself: then she was such a hand at making foreign [waters]!—for Seltzer, Pyrmont, Islington, or Chalybeate, she never had her equal; and her Bath and Bristol springs exceeded the originals.—Ah, poor Dolly! she fell a martyr to her own discoveries.

Lieut. How so, pray?

Doct. Poor soul! her illness was occasioned by her zeal in trying an improvement on the Spa-water, by an infusion of rum and acid.

Lieut. Ay, ay, spirits never agree with water-drinkers.

Doct. No, no; you mistake. Rum agreed with her well enough; it was not the rum that killed the poor dear creature, for she died of dropsy. Well, she is gone, never to return, and has left no pledge of our loves behind. No little babe, to hang like a label

round papa's neck. Well, well, we are all mortal—sooner or later—flesh is grass—flowers fade.

Lieut. O, the devil !—again !

Doct. Life's a shadow—the world's a stage—we strut an hour.

Lieut. Here, doctor.

[*Offers snuff.*

Doct. True, true, my friend—well, high grief can't cure it. All's for the best, hey, my little Alexander.

Lieut. Right, right ; an apothecary should never be out of spirits. But come, faith 'tis time honest Humphrey should wait on the justice ; that must be our first scheme.

Doct. True, true ; you should be ready ; the clothes are at my house, and I have given you such a character that he is impatient to have you : he swears you shall be his body guard. Well, I honour the army or I should never do so much to serve you.

Lieut. Indeed, I am bound to you for ever, doctor ; and when once I am possessed of my dear Lauretta, I will endeavour to make work for you as fast as possible.

Doct. Now you put me in mind of my poor wife again.

Lieut. Ah, pray forget her a little : we shall be too late.

Doct. Poor Dolly !

Lieut. 'Tis past twelve.

Doct. Inhuman dropsy !

Lieut. The justice will wait.

Doct. Cropt in her prime !

Lieut. For heaven's sake, come !

Doct. Well, flesh is grass.

Lieut. O, the devil !

Doct. We must all die——

Lieut. Doctor !

Doct. Kings, lords, and common whores——

[Forces him off.]

FROM THE OPERA OF "THE DUENNA."

ACT III. SCENE VII.

Enter Don Jerome, Serrants, and Lopez.

Jer. Be sure now let every thing be in the best order—let all my servants have on their merriest faces—but tell them to get as little drunk as possible, till after supper. So, Lopez where's your master? sha'n't we have him at supper?

Lop. Indeed, I believe not, sir—he's mad, I doubt; I am sure he has frightened me from him.

Jer. Ay, ay, he's after some wench I suppose? a young rake! Well, well, we'll be merry without him.

Enter Serrant.

Serv. Sir, here is Signor Isaac.

Enter Isaac.

Jer. So, my dear son-in-law—there, take my blessing and forgiveness—But where's my daughter? where's Louisa?

Isa. She's without, impatient for a blessing, but almost afraid to enter.

Jer. O, fly and bring her in. (*Exit Isaac.*) I long to see her pretty face.

Isa. (Without.) Come, my charmer! my trembling angel.

Enter Isaac and Duenna; Don Jerome runs to meet them, she kneels.

Jer. Come to my arms, my —— (*Starts back.*) Why, who the devil have we here?

Isa. Nay, Don Jerome, you promised her forgiveness ; see how the poor creature droops !

Jer. Droops, indeed ! Why, gad take me, this is old Margaret—but where's my daughter, where's Louisa ?

Isa. Why, here, before your eyes—nay, don't be abashed, my sweet wife !

Jer. Wife, with a vengeance ! Why, zounds, you have not married the Duenna !

Duen. (*Kneeling.*) O, dear papa ! you'll not disown me, sure !

Jer. Papa ! papa ! Why, zounds, your impudence is as great as your ugliness !

Isa. Rise, my charmer ; go throw your snowy arms about his neck, and convince him you are——

Duen. Oh, sir, forgive me ! [*Embraces him.*]

Jer. Help ! murder !

Serv. What's the matter, sir ?

Jer. Why, here, this d——d Jew has brought an old harridan to strangle me.

Isa. Lord, it is his own daughter, and he is so hard-hearted he wo'n't forgive her.

Enter Antonio and Louisa ; they kneel.

Jer. Zounds and fury ! what's here now ? who sent for you, sir, and who the devil are you ?

Ant. This lady's husband, sir.

Isa. Ay, that he is, I'll be sworn, for I left them with the priest, and was to have given her away.

Jer. You were ?

Isa. Ay, that's my honest friend, Antonio ; and that's the little girl I told you I had hampered him with.

Jer. Why, you are either drunk or mad—this is my daughter.

Isa. No, no; 'tis you are both drunk and mad, I think—here's your daughter.

Jer. Hark ye, old iniquity, will you explain all this, or not?

Duen. Come, then, Don Jerome, I will—though our habits might inform you all—look on your daughter, there, and on me.

Isa. What's this I hear?

Duen. The truth is that in your passion this morning you made a small mistake; for you turned your daughter out of doors, and locked up your humble servant.

Isa. O lud! O lud! here's a pretty fellow, to turn his daughter out of doors, instead of an old Duenna.

Jer. And, O lud! O lud! here's a pretty fellow, to marry an old Duenna instead of my daughter—but how came the rest about?

Duen. I have only to add, that I remained in your daughter's place, and had the good fortune to engage the affections of my sweet husband here.

Isa. Her husband! Why, you old witch, do you think I'll be your husband now? this is a trick, a cheat, and you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves.

Ant. Hark ye, Isaac, do you dare to complain of tricking?—Don Jerome, I give you my word, this cunning Portuguese has brought all this upon himself, by endeavouring to overreach you, by getting your daughter's fortune without making any settlement in return.

Jer. Overreach me!

Louisa. 'Tis so, indeed, sir, and we can prove it to you.

Jer. Why, gad take me, it must be so, or he could never have put up with such a face as Margaret's—so, little Solomon, I wish you joy of your wife, with all my soul.

Louisa. Isaac, tricking is all fair in love—let you alone for the plot.

Ant. A cunning dog, ar'n't you? A sly little villain, hey?

Louisa. Roguish, perhaps; but keen, devilish keen.

Jer. Yes, yes; his aunt always called him little Solomon.

Isa. Why, the plagues of Egypt upon you all!—but do you think I'll submit to such an imposition?

Ant. Isaac, one serious word—you'd better be content as you are; for, believe me, you will find, that in the opinion of the world there is not a fairer subject for contempt and ridicule than a knave become the dupe of his own art.

Isa. I don't care—I'll not endure this. Don Jerome, 'tis you have done this—you would be so cursed positive about the beauty of her you locked up, and all the time I told you she was as old as my mother, and as ugly as the devil.

Duen. Why, you little insignificant reptile!

Jer. That's right—attack him, Margaret.

Duen. Dare such a thing as you pretend to talk of beauty?—A walking rouleau!—a body that seems to owe all its consequence to the dropsy!—a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough!—a beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivelled jaws, that would disgrace the mummy of a monkey!

Jer. Well done, Margaret!

Duen. But you shall know that I have a brother, who wears a sword—and if you don't do me justice——

Isa. Fire seize your brother, and you too ! I'll fly to Jerusalem to avoid you !

Duen. Fly where you will, I'll follow you.

Jer. Throw your snowy arms about him, Margaret. (*Exeunt Isaac and Duenna.*)—But, Louisa, are you really married to this modest gentleman ?

Louisa. Sir, in obedience to your commands, I gave him my hand within this hour.

Jer. My commands !

Ant. Yes sir, here is your consent, under your own hand.

Jer. How ! would you rob me of my child by a trick, a false pretence ? and do you think to get her fortune by the same means ? Why, 'slife, you are as great a rogue as Isaac !

Ant. No, Don Jerome ; though I have profited by this paper, in gaining your daughter's hand, I scorn to obtain her fortune by deceit. There, sir. (*Gives a letter.*) Now give her your blessing for a dower, and all the little I possess shall be settled on her in return. Had you wedded her to a prince, he could do no more.

Jer. Why, gad take me, but you are a very extraordinary fellow ! But have you the impudence to suppose that no one can do a generous action but yourself ? Here, Louisa, tell this proud fool of yours, that he's the only man I know that would renounce your fortune ; and, by my soul, he's the only man in Spain that's worthy of it. There, bless you both ; I'm an obstinate old fellow when I'm in the wrong ; but you shall now find me as steady in the right.

Enter Ferdinand and Clara.

Another wonder still! why, sirrah! Ferdinand, you have not stole a nun, have you?

Ferd. She is a nun in nothing but her habit, sir—look nearer, and you'll perceive 'tis Clara D'Almanza, Don Guzman's daughter; and with pardon for stealing a wedding, she is also my wife.

Jer. Gadsbud, and a great fortune—Ferdinand, you are a prudent young rogue, and I forgive you: and, ifecks, you are a pretty little damsel. Give your father-in-law a kiss, you smiling rogue.

Clar. There, old gentleman; and now mind you behave well to us.

Jer. Ifecks, those lips ha'n't been chilled by kissing beads—Egad, I believe I shall grow the best humoured fellow in Spain—Lewis! Sancho! Carlos! d'ye hear? are all my doors thrown open? Our children's weddings are the only holidays our age can boast; and then we drain, with pleasure, the little stock of spirits time has left us. (*Music within.*) But see, here come our friends and neighbours!

Enter Masqueraders.

And, i'faith, we'll make a night on't, with wine, and dance, and catches—then old and young shall join us?

FROM THE COMEDY OF "A TRIP TO SCARBO-
ROUGH," ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter Lord Foppington, in his Night-gown, and La Varole.

Lord F. Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality—strike me dumb! Even the boors

of this northern Spa have learned the respect due to a title (*aside*)—La Varole !

La Var. Mi lor——

Lord F. You ha'n't yet been at Muddymoat hall, to announce my arrival, have you ?

La Var. Not yet, mi lor.

Lord F. Then you need not go till Saturday ; (*Exit La Varole*) as I am in no particular haste to view my intended sposa—I shall sacrifice a day or two more to the pursuit of my friend Loveless's wife. Amanda is a charming creature,—strike me ugly ! and if I have any discernment in the world, she thinks no less of my Lord Foppington.

Re-enter La Varole.

La Var. Mi lor, de shoemaker, de tailor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

Lord F. 'Tis well ; admit them.

La Var. Hey, messieurs, entrez.

Enter Tailor, Shoemaker, &c.

Lord F. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to show yourselves masters in your professions ?

Tai. I think I may presume to say, sir——

La Var. Mi lor ! you clown you !

Tai. My lord—I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord.—I hope, my lord, your lordship will be pleased to own I have brought your lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes as ever peer of England wore, my lord—will your lordship please to view 'em now ?

Lord F. Ay ; but let my people dispose the glasses so that I may see myself before and behind ; for I love to see myself all round.

Whilst he puts on his clothes, enter Young Fashion and Lory.

Young F. Hey day! What the devil have we here?—Sure, my gentleman's grown a favourite at court, he has got so many people at his levee!

[Apart.]

Lory. Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at court—they are to establish him with the ladies.

[Apart.]

Young F. Good heavens! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of the laced coat to recommend a gallant to them!

[Apart.]

Lory. Sir, tailors and hair-dressers debauch all the women.

[Apart.]

Young F. Thou say'st true.—But now for my reception.

[Apart.]

Lord F. Death and eternal tortures! Sir—I say the coat is too wide here by a foot.

Tai. My lord, if it had been tighter, 'twould neither have hooked nor buttoned.

Lord F. Rat the hooks and buttons, sir! Can any thing be worse than this?—As Gad shall judge me, it hangs on my shoulders like a chairman's surtout.

Tai. 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

Lory. There, sir, observe what respect does.

[Apart.]

Young F. Respect! D—n him for a coxcomb—but let's accost him. *[Apart.]* Brother, I'm your humble servant.

Lord F. O Lord, Tam, I did not expect you in England.—Brother, I'm glad to see you—but what

has brought you to Scarborough, Tam?—Look you, sir, (*to the Tailor,*) I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous wrapping gown, therefore pray get me another suit with all possible expedition; for this is my eternal aversion. [*Exit Tailor.*] Well but, Tam, you don't tell me what has driven you to Scarborough.—Mrs. Calico, are not you of my mind?

Semp. Directly, my lord.—I hope your lordship is pleased with your ruffles?

Lord F. In love with them, stap my vitals!—Bring my bill; you shall be paid to-morrow.

Semp. I humbly thank your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Lord F. Hark thee, shoemaker, these shoes ar'n't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My lord, I think they fit you very well.

Lord F. They hurt me below the instep.

Shoe. [*Feels his foot.*] No, my lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord F. I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. Why then, my lord, if those shoes pinch you, I'll be d—n'd.

Lord F. Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit, but that shoe does not hurt you,—I think I understand my trade.

Lord F. Now, by all that's good and powerful, thou art an incomprehensive coxcomb—but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My lord, I have worked for half the people of quality in this town these twenty years, and 'tis very hard I shouldn't know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord F. Well, pr'ythee begone about thy business.

[*Exit Shoemaker.*] Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you.—The calves of these stockings are thickened a little too much; they make my legs look like a porter's.

Mend. My lord, methinks they look mighty well.

Lord F. Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am—I have studied them all my life—therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crown-piece less.

Mend. Indeed, my lord, they are the same kind I had the honour to furnish your lordship with in town.

Lord F. Very possibly, Mr. Mendlegs; but that was in the beginning of the winter, and you should always remember, Mr. Hosier, that if you make a nobleman's spring legs as robust as his autumnal calves, you commit a manstrous impropriety, and make no allowances for the fatigues of the winter.

[*Exit Hosier.*]

Jewel. I hope, my lord, these buckles have had the unspeakable satisfaction of being honoured with your lordship's approbation?

Lord F. Why, they are of a pretty fancy; but don't you think them rather of the smallest?

Jewel. My lord, they could not well be larger, to keep on your lordship's shoe.

Lord F. My good sir, you forget that these matters are not as they used to be: formerly, indeed, the buckle was a sort of machine, intended to keep on the shoe; but the case is now quite reversed, and the shoe is of no earthly use, but to keep on the buckle.—Now give me my watches, and the business of the morning will be pretty well over. [*Exit Jewel.*]

Young F. Well, Lory, what dost think on't?—a

very friendly reception from a brother after three years' absence! [*Apart.*]

Lory. Why, sir, 'tis your own fault—here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

[*Apart.*]

Young F. Nor ever shall, while they belong to a coxcomb. [*Apart.*] Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

Lord F. Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I have an engagement which I would not break for the salvation of mankind. Hey!—there!—is my carriage at the door?—You'll excuse me, brother.

[*Going.*]

Young F. Shall you be back to dinner?

Lord F. As Gad shall jedge me, I can't tell; for it is possible I may dine with some friends at Donner's.

Young F. Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

Lord F. That I'm afraid mayn't be quite so proper; for those I commonly eat with are a people of nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large—but there are other ordinaries in town—very good beef ordinaries—I suppose, Tam, you can eat beef?—However, dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals!

[*Exit.*]

FROM THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, Lady Sncerwell's House. Enter Maria.

Lady S. Maria, my dear, how do you do?—What's the matter?

Maria. Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

J. Surf. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you would avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing; but 'tis for what he has said—his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

J. Surf. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend, and his uncle's as bad.

Lady S. Nay, but we should make allowance—Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I confess, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr. Surface?

J. Surf. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady S. Pshaw! there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

J. Surf. To be sure, madam, that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady S. Beg her to walk in. [*Exit Serv.*] Now, Maria, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, every body allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes—with a very gross affectation of good-nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

J. Surf. I'faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady S. Hush! here she is!

Enter Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. C. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century? Mr. Surface what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

J. Surf. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Oh, Maria, child,—what is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. Indeed! I am very sorry ma'am, the town is not better employed.

Mrs. C. True, true, child ; but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle have not agreed lately so well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs. C. Very true, child ; but what's to be done ? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt !—But, Lord ! there's no minding what one hears ; though to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful ! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Lord, now, who would have suspected your friend Miss Prim of an indiscretion ? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York diligence with her dancing master.

Maria. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. C. Oh, no foundation in the world, I dare swear ; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino ; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

J. Surf. The licence of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so ; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. C. To be sure they are ; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers ;—'tis an old observation, and

a very true one : but what's to be done, as I said before ?—how will you prevent people from talking ? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow in the next street had got rid of her dropsy, and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time, Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed, that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame ; and that Sir H. Bouquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation—But, Lord, do you think I would repeat these things ? No, no ! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

J. Surf. Ah ! Mrs. Candour, if every body had your forbearance and good-nature !

Mrs. C. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs ; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best.—By the by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined ?

J. Surf. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Oh ! I heard so ; but you must tell him to keep up his spirits ; every body almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week ; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

J. Surf. Doubtless, ma'am, a very great one.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[Exit Serv.

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you ; positively you shan't escape.

Enter Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

Crab. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand—Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet, too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Benjamin. O fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire? Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come, now;—your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

Sir Benj. Uncle, now, pr'ythee!

Crab. I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these fine sort of things.

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin you never publish any thing.

Sir Benj. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when I am favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give to the public.

Crab. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize

you ! you'll be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir Benj. Yes, madam, I think you will like them when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a valley of margin. 'Fore gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind !

Crab. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news ?

Mrs. C. What, sir, do you mean the report of—

Crab. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs. C. Impossible !

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. 'Tis very true, ma'am ; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes—and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

Lady S. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. C. It can't be ; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir Benj. O Lud ! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny, sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robust characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir Benj. True, madam ; there are valetudinarians

in reputation as well as in constitution ; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. Can. Well, but this may be all a mistake—You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am—did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character, last summer, at Tunbridge ?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it !

Sir Benj. Oh, to be sure !—the most whimsical circumstance.

Lady Sneer. How was it, pray ?

Crab. Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn upon the breeding of Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it—for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins.—What ! cries the Lady Dowager Dundizzy (who is as deaf as a post,) has Miss Piper had twins ?—This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next morning every where reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and girl ; and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put to nurse.

Lady Sneer. Strange indeed !

Crab. Matter of fact, I assure you.—O Lud ! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home ?

J. Surf. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe?—Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on!

J. Surf. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir Benj. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman:—no man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir Benj. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the ante-chamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

J. Surf. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. Their malice is intolerable.—Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well.
[*Exit Maria.*]

Mrs. Can. O dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady Sneer. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want assistance.

Mrs. Can. That I will with all my soul, ma'am.—Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be!
[*Exit Mrs. Candour.*]

Lady Sneer. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir Benj. The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

Crab. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir Benj. Mrs. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

Crab. O Lud, lay, undone as ever man was—
Can't raise a guinea!

Sir Benj. And every thing sold, I'm told, that was movable.

Crab. I have seen one that was at his house.—
Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots.

Sir Benj. And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him. [Going.

Crab. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir Benj. But, however, as he's your brother——
[Going.

Crab. We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exeunt Crabtree and Sir Benjamin.*

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

J. Surf. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

Lady Sneer. I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing

farther; in the meantime, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment. [*Exeunt.*

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

At Lady Sneerwell's.

Enter Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, Crabtree, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Joseph Surface.

Lady Sneer. Nay, positively we will hear it.

J. Surf. Yes, yes, the epigram by all means.

Sir Benj. O plague on't uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crab. No, no, 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Benj. But ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricke was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phæton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies: upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:—

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies:
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:

To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

Crab. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

J. Surf. A very Phæbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. O dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

Enter Lady Teazle and Maria.

Mrs. Can. I must have a copy.

Lady Sneer. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter.

Lady T. I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my love, you look grave.—Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria. I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as you please.

Lady T. I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her: I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Can. Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady T. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Can. They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermillion to be handsome.

Lady Sneer. O surely she is a pretty woman.

Crab. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. She has a charming fresh colour.

Lady T. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Can. O fie! I'll swear her colour is natural: I have seen it come and go.

Lady T. I dare swear you have, ma'am; it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benj. True, ma'am, it only comes and goes, but, what's more—egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

Crab. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six-and-fifty if she's an hour!

Mrs. Can. Now, positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benj. Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen *does* take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity: and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre chalks her wrinkles.

Sir Benj. Nay now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but when she has finished her face, she joins it so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur sees at once that the head's modern, though the trunk's antique.

Crab. Ha! ha! ha! well said, nephew!

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha! well, you make me laugh: but I vow I hate you for it.—What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Benj. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady T. Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing, (which very seldom happens) she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a jar, as it were thus—

[*Shows her teeth.*]

Mrs. Can. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady T. Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were, thus—*How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.*

Lady Sneer. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady T. In defence of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter Sir Peter Teazle.

Sir Peter. Ladies, your most obedient.—Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Can. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Peter. It must be very distressing to *you*, Mrs. Candour, I dare swear.

Mrs. Can. O they will allow good qualities to no body; not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady T. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Can. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneer. That's very true, indeed.

Lady T. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Can. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Peter. Yes, a good defence, truly!

Mrs. Can. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crab. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Can. Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by

marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six-and-thirty.

Lady Sncer. Though, surely, she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle light, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Can. True, and then as to her manner; upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar baker at Bristol.

Sir Benj. Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir Peter. Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! *[Aside.*

Mrs. Can. For my own part, I cannot bear to hear a friend ill-spoken of.

Sir Peter. No, to be sure!

Sir Benj. Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady T. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottos—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Can. Well, I never will join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crab. O to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benj. So she has, indeed—an Irish front——

Crab. Caledonian locks——

Sir Benj. Dutch nose——

Crab. Austrian lips.

Sir Benj. Complexion of a Spaniard.

Crab. And teeth *à la Chinois*——

Sir Benj. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation——

Crab. Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter. Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week. [Aside.

Lady Sncer. Go, go; you are a couple of provoking toads.

Mrs. Can. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for, give me leave to say, that Mrs. Ogle——

Sir P. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues—But when I tell you Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady S. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir P. Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady T. True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir B. Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady T. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir P. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, I believe there are many would thank them for the bill.

Lady S. O lud ! Sir Peter ; would you deprive us of our privileges ?

Sir P. Ay, madam ; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputation, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady S. Go, you monster !

Mrs. C. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear ?

Sir P. Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too ; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crab. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Sir P. O, nine out of ten of the malicious inventions are founded on some ridiculous misrepresentation !

Lady S. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room ?

Enter a Servant, who whispers Sir Peter.

Sir P. I'll be with them directly—I'll get away unperceived. [*Apart.*

Lady S. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us ?

Sir P. Your ladyship must excuse me ; I'm

called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. *[Exit Sir Peter.]*

Sir B. Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady T. O, pray don't mind that;—come, do let's hear them.

[Joins the rest of the company going into the next room.]

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene. Picture-room at Charles's.

Enter Charles Surface, Sir Oliver Surface (disguised as Mr. Premium, a money lender,) Moscs, and Careless.

Charles S. Walk in gentlemen, pray walk in;—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir O. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles S. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting;—no volunteer grace and expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you, so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture—No, no: the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir O. Oh! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles S. I hope not.—Well, you see, master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I

sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my father's will answer the purpose.

Car. Ay, ay, this will do.—But, Charles, I hav'n't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles S. Egad, that's true;—what parchment have we here?—O, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless,—you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue,—this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir O. What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide! [*Aside.*]

Car. Yes, yes, here's a bit of your generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill serve not only as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain—Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles S. Bravo, Careless!—Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium?—look at him—there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be.—What do you bid?

Mos. Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

Charles S. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir O. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! (*aside.*) Well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles S. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, thought to be in his best manner, and a very formidable likeness—There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir O. Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself (*aside.*) Five pounds ten—she's mine.

Charles S. Knock down my aunt Deborah!—Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir O. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles S. Well, take that couple for the same.

Mos. 'Tis a good bargain.

Charles S. Careless! This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at Moses?

Mos. Four guineas.

Charles S. Four guineas!—God's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr Premium, you have more respect for the wool-sack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir O. By all means.

Car. Gone!

Charles S. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esqrs., both members of Parliament, and noted speakers, and what's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold,

Sir O. That is very extraordinary, indeed ! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of Parliament.

Care. Well said, little Premium !—I'll knock them down at forty.

C. Surf. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Manchester : take him at eight pounds.

Sir O. No, No ; six will do for the mayor.

C. Surf. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir O. They're mine.

C. Surf. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen.—But plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner ; do let us deal wholesale : what say you, little Premium ? Give us three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir O. Well, well, any thing to accommodate you ;—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Care. What that ill-looking little fellow over the settee ?

Sir O. Ay yes, sir, I mean that ; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

C. Surf. What, that ?—Oh ! that's my uncle Oliver ; 'twas done before he went to India.

Care. Your uncle Oliver ! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw ; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance !—an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium ?

Sir O. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive;—but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

C. Surf. No, hang it; I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir O. The rogue's my nephew after all! [*Aside.*]—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy for that picture.

C. Surf. I am sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir O. I forgive him every thing! [*Aside.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

C. Surf. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir O. How like his father the dog is! [*Aside.*]—Well, Well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. [*Aside.*] Here is a draft for your sum.

C. Surf. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

Sir O. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

C. Surf. Zounds! no! I tell you once more.

Sir O. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time—but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

C. Surf. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir O. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two,

C. Surf. But, hold ; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir O. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

C. Surf. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir O. You're fixed on that ?

C. Surf. Peremptorily.

Sir O. A dear extravagant rogue ! [*Aside.*—Good day !—Come, Moses.—Let me hear now who calls him profligate !

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver, Surface and Moses.*

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Scene, a Library. Joseph Surface and a Servant.

J. Surface. No letter from Lady Teazle ?

Serv. No, sir.

J. Surf. I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet, I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife ; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour.

[*Knocking heard without.*

Serv. Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

J. Surf. Hold !—See whether it is or not before you go to the door : I have a particular message for you, if it should be my brother.

Serv. 'Tis her ladyship, sir ; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

J. Surf. Stay, stay ; draw that screen before the window—that will do ;—my opposite neighbour is a maiden lady of so anxious a temper. [*Servant draws the screen and exit.*] I have a difficult hand to play

in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter Lady Teazle.

Lady T. What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient?—O lud! don't pretend to look grave.—I vow I couldn't come before.

J. Surf. O, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, a very unfashionable quality in a lady.

Lady T. Upon my word you ought to pity me.—Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

J. Surf. I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*

Lady T. I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

J. Surf. Indeed I do not. [*Aside.*] Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

Lady T. Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking to have the most ill-natured things said of one? And there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too—that's what vexes me.

J. Surf. Ay, madam, to be sure, that's the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is

no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady T. No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice ; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of any body—that is, of any friend ; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart,—indeed 'tis monstrous !

J. Surf. But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to outwit him.

Lady T. Indeed !—so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

J. Surf. Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you,—and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady T. To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence——

J. Surf. Ah ! my dear madam, there is the great mistake : 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion ? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences ? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions ? why, the consciousness of your innocence.

Lady T. 'Tis very true !

J. Surf. Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would

but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

Lady T. Do you think so?

J. Surf. Oh! I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for, in short your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady T. So, so; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to secure my reputation?

Joseph S. Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady T. Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny.

Joseph S. An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady T. Why if my understanding were once convinced——

Joseph S. O, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced.—Yes—yes—heaven forbid I should persuade you to do any thing you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

Lady T. Don't you think we may as well leave honour out of the question?

Joseph S. Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

Lady T. I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your *honourable logic*, after all.

Joseph S. Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of——

[*Taking her hand.*]

Enter Servant.

'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

Serv. I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

Joseph S. Sir Peter!—Oons—the devil!

Lady T. Sir Peter! O lud—I'm ruined—I'm ruined!

Serv. Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

Lady T. Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh! he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again—

[*Goes behind the screen.*]

Joseph S. Give me that book. [Sits down.

Servant pretends to adjust his hair.

Enter Sir Peter.

Sir P. Ay, ever improving himself.—Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface——

Joseph S. Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon—(*Gaping—throws down the book*)—I have been dozing over a stupid book.—Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room.—Books, you know, are the only things in which I am a coxcomb.

Sir P. 'Tis very neat indeed. Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge—hung, I perceive, with maps?

Joseph S. O yes, I find great use in that screen.

Sir P. I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find any thing in a hurry.

Joseph S. Or to hide any thing in a hurry either.

[*Aside.*]

Sir P. Well, I have a little private business——

Joseph S. You need not stay. (*to the Servant.*)

Serv. No, sir. [Exit.]

Joseph S. Here's a chair, Sir Peter—I beg——

Sir P. Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburthen my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace: in short, my dear friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me extremely unhappy.

Joseph S. Indeed! I am sorry to hear it.

Sir P. Ay, 'tis plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

Joseph S. Indeed! you astonish me!

Sir P. Yes; and between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Joseph S. How! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir P. Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathize with me.

Joseph S. Yes—believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

Sir P. I am convinced of it—Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

Joseph S. I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite?

Sir P. Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

Joseph S. My brother! impossible!

Sir P. Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

Joseph S. Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

Sir P. True—but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

Joseph S. Yet, I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir P. Ay,—but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

Joseph S. That's very true.

Sir P. And there's, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

Joseph S. That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.

Sir P. Laugh—ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

Joseph S. No—you must never make it public.

Sir P. But then again—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts one more nearly.

Joseph S. Ay, there's the point.—When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

Sir P. Ay—I that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—my advice.

Joseph S. O, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved

on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him ; for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

Sir P. What a difference there is between you ! What noble sentiments !

Joseph S. Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

Sir P. I am sure I wish to think well of her, and remove all grounds of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her ; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I were dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future ; and if I were to die, she shall find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on.—By one she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live ; and by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

Joseph S. This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.—I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

[*Aside.*

Sir P. Yes I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

Joseph S. Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*

Sir P. And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your affairs with Maria.

Joseph S. [*Softly.*] O, no, Sir Peter ; another time, if you please.

Sir P. I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affection.

Joseph S. I beg you will not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! [*Softly*].—'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way. [*Aside*.

Sir P. And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion for Maria, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

Joseph S. Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is intrusted with his friend's distresses can never——

Enter Servant.

Well, sir?

Serv. Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

Joseph S. 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

Sir P. Stay—hold—a thought has struck me,—you shall be at home.

Joseph S. Well, well, let him up.—[*Exit Servant.*]—He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. [*Aside*.

Sir P. Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you—Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere—then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

Joseph S. O fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—to trepan my brother, too?

Sir P. Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving

him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me : here behind this screen will be—Hey ! what the devil ! there seems to be one listener there already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat !

Joseph S. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be the most despicable character, yet you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either ! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner—a silly rogue that plagues me—and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir P. Ah ! you rogne ! But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Joseph S. O, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it.

Sir P. No then, faith, let her hear it out—Here's a closet will do as well. ^

Joseph S. Well, go in there.

Sir P. Sly rogue ! sly rogue !

[*Going into the closet.*]

Joseph S. A narrow escape, indeed ! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

Lady T. [*Peeping.*] Could'nt I steal off ?

Joseph S. Keep close, my angel.

Sir P. [*Peeping.*] Joseph, tax him home.

J. Surf. Back, my friend !

Lady T. Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in ?

J. Surf. Be still, my life !

Sir P. [*Peeping.*] Your sure the little milliner won't blab ?

J. Surf. In, in, my good Sir Peter—'Fore gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter Charles Surface.

C. Surf. Hallo ! brother, what has been the matter ? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What ! have you a Jew or a wench with you ?

J. Surf. Neither, brother, I assure you.

C. Surf. But what has made Sir Peter steal off ? I thought he had been with you.

J. Surf. He *was*, brother ; but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

C. Surf. What ! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him ?

J. Surf. No sir : but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

C. Surf. Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men.—But how so, pray ?

J. Surf. To be plain with you, brother—he thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

C. Surf. Who, I ? O Lord ! not I, upon my word.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! so the old fellow has found out he has got a young wife, has he ?—or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out that she has an old husband !

J. Surf. This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh——

C. Surf. True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

J. Surf. Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. [*Aloud.*

C. Surf. To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me ; but upon my soul, I

never gave her the least encouragement :—besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

J. Surf. But sure brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you——

C. Surf. Why look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action ; but if a pretty woman were purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father——

J. Surf. Well——

C. Surf. Why, I believe I should be obliged to borrow a little of your morality, that's all.—But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming *me* with Lady Teazle ; for, faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

J. Surf. O, for shame, Charles ! This retort is foolish.

C. Surf. Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances——

J. Surf. Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

C. Surf. Egad I'm serious.—Don't you remember one day when I called here——

J. Surf. Nay, prithee, Charles——

C. Surf. And found you together——

J. Surf. Zounds, sir ! I insist——

C. Surf. And another time when your servant——

J. Surf. Brother, brother, a word with you.—Gad, I must stop him. *[Aside.*

C. Surf. Informed, I say, that——

J. Surf. Hush ! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

C. Surf. How, Sir Peter ! where is he ?

J. Surf. Softly ; there ! *[Points to the closet.*

C. Surf. O 'fore heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth !

J. Surf. No, no——

C. Surf. I say, Sir Peter, come into court—*[pulls in Sir Peter.]*—What ! my old guardian ! What ! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog. ?

Sir P. Give me your hand, Charles—I believe I have suspected you wrongfully ; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan !

C. Surf. Indeed !

Sir P. But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did : what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

C. Surf. Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more—wasn't it, Joseph ? *[Apart to Joseph.]*

Sir P. Ah ! you would have retorted on him.

C. Surf. Ay, ay, that was a joke.

Sir P. Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

C. Surf. But you might as well have suspected him as me in this matter, for all that—mightn't he, Joseph ? *[Apart to Joseph.]*

Sir P. Well, well, I believe you.

J. Surf. Would they were both well out of the room. *[Aside.]*

Enter Servant, and whispers to Joseph Surface.

Sir P. And in future perhaps we may not be such strangers.

J. Surf. Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you down stairs : here is a person come on particular business.

C. Surf. Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

J. Surf. They must not be left together. [*Aside.* I'll send this man away, and return directly.—Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

[*Apart to Sir Peter, and goes out.*

Sir P. I! not for the world! [*Apart to Joseph.* Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment!—Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

C. Surf. Pshaw! he is too moral by half—and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

Sir P. No, no—come, come—you wrong him.—No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either in that respect. I have a great mind to tell him—we should have a laugh at Joseph. [*Aside.*

C. Surf. Oh, hang him! He's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

Sir P. Hark'ee—you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

C. Surf. Why, you won't tell him?

Sir P. No—but—this way. Egad I'll tell him. [*Aside.*] Hark'ee, have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

C. Surf. I should like it of all things!

Sir P. Then i'faith, we will. I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called.

C. Surf. What! Joseph? you jest.

Sir P. Hush!—a little French milliner—and the best of the jest is, she's in the room now.

C. Surf. The devil she is!

Sir P. Hush! I tell you!

[*Points.*

C. Surf. Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil her!

Sir P. No, no—he's coming—you sha'nt, indeed!

C. Surf. O, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

Sir P. Not for the world—Joseph will never forgive me——

C. Surf. I'll stand by you——

Sir P. Odds, here he is. [*Joseph Surface enters just as Charles Surface throws down the screen.*]

C. Surf. Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!

Sir P. Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

C. Surf. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word!—Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too?—Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute!—Well, though I can make nothing of this affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another—so I'll leave you to yourselves. [*Going.*—Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man cause for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment! [*Exit Charles.*

[*They stand for some time looking at each other.*]

J. Surf. Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain every thing to your satisfaction.

Sir P. If you please, sir.

J. Surf. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say, sir,—Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—She, sir, I say—called here—in order that—I might explain those pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir P. A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady T. For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir P. How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

Lady T. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir P. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

J. Surf. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

Lady T. Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir P. Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

Lady T. Hear me, Sir Peter!—I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

Sir P. Now, I believe, the truth is coming indeed!

J. Surf. The woman's mad!

Lady T. No, sir,—she has recovered her senses,

and your own arts have furnished her with the means. Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has penetrated so to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him. *[Exit Lady Teazle.]*

J. Surf. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows——

Sir Peter. That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

J. Surf. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to——

[Exeunt Sir Peter and Surface, talking.]

FROM “THE CRITIC.” ACT I. SCENE I.

Mr. and Mrs. Dangle at breakfast, and reading newspapers.

Dan. *[Reading]* “*Brutus to Lord North.*”—“*Letter the second on the State of the Army.*”—Pshaw! “*To the first L—dash D of the A—dash Y.*”—“*Genuine Extract of a Letter from St. Kitt’s.*”—“*Coxheath Intelligence.*”—“*It is now confidently asserted that Sir Charles Hardy*”—Pshaw!—Nothing but about the fleet and the nation!—and I hate all politics but theatrical politics—Where’s the Morning Chronicle?

Mrs. Dan. Yes, that's your gazette.

Dan. So, here we have it.—“*Theatrical intelligence extraordinary.—We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at Drury-Lane Theatre, called the Spanish Armada, said to be written by Mr. Puff, a gentleman well known in the theatrical world: if we may allow ourselves to give credit to the report of the performers, who, truth to say, are in general but indifferent judges, this piece abounds with the most striking and received beauties of modern composition.*” So! I am very glad my friend Puff's tragedy is in such forwardness. *Mrs. Dangle*, my dear, you will be very glad to hear that Puff's tragedy——

Mrs. Dan. Lord, Mr. Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense?—Now the plays are begun I shall have no peace.—Isn't it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teasing me to join you? Why can't you ride your hobby horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, Mr. Dangle?

Dan. Nay, my dear, I was only going to read—

Mrs. Dan. No, no; you will never read any thing that's worth listening to:—you hate to hear about your country; there are letters every day with Roman signatures, demonstrating the certainty of an invasion, and proving that the nation is utterly undone.—But you never will read any thing to entertain one.

Dan. What has a woman to do with politics, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. Dan. And what have you to do with the theatre, Mr. Dangle? Why should you affect the character of a critic? I have no patience with you! haven't you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you

have no business? Are not you called a theatrical quidnunc, and a mock Mæcenas to second hand authors?

Dan. True; my power with the managers is pretty notorious: but is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest?—From lords to recommend fiddlers, from ladies to get boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements?

Mrs. Dan. Yes, truly; you have contrived to get a share in all the plague and trouble of theatrical property, without the profit, or even the credit of the abuse that attends it.

Dan. I am sure, Mrs. Dangle, you are no loser by it, however; *you* have all the advantages of it:—mightn't you, last winter, have had the reading of the new pantomime a fortnight previous to its performance? And doesn't Mr. Fosbrook let you take places for a play before it is advertised, and set you down for a box for every new piece through the season? And didn't my friend, Mr. Smatter, dedicate his last farce to you at my particular request, Mrs. Dangle?

Mrs. Dan. Yes! but wasn't the farce damned, Mr. Dangle? And to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lacqueys of literature:—the very high change of trading authors and jobbing critics!—Yes, my drawing-room is an absolute register office for candidate actors, and poets without character; then to be continually alarmed with misses and ma'ams piping hysteric changes on Juliets and Dorindas, Pollys and Ophelias; and the very furniture trembling at the probationary starts and unprovoked rants of would-be Richards and Hamlets!—And what is worse than all, now that the manager has monopolized the Opera-

house, haven't we the signors and signoras calling here, sliding their smooth semi-breves, and gargling glib divisions in their outlandish throats—with foreign emissaries and French spies, for aught I know, disguised like fiddlers and figure dancers?

Dan. Mercy! Mrs. Dangle!

Mrs. Dan. And to employ yourself so idly at such an alarming crisis as this too—when if you had the least spirit, you would have been at the head of one of the Westminster associations—or trailing a volunteer pike in the Artillery Ground!—But you—o' my conscience, I believe if the French were landed to-morrow, your first inquiry would be, whether they had brought a theatrical troop with them.

Dan. Mrs. Dangle, it does not signify—I say the stage is “The Mirror of Nature,” and the actors are “The Abstract and brief Chronicles of the Time:”—and pray, what can a man of sense study better?—Besides, you will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town, whose opinion and patronage all writers solicit, and whose recommendation no manager dares refuse.

Mrs. Dan. Ridiculous!—Both managers and authors of the least merit laugh at your pretensions. The *public* is their *critic*—without whose fair approbation they know no play can rest on the stage, and with whose applause they welcome such attacks as yours, and laugh at the malice of them, where they can't at the wit.

Dan. Very well, madam—very well.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Sneer, sir, to wait on you.

Dan. O, show Mr. Sneer up—[*Exit Servant.*]—Plague on't, now we must appear loving and affectionate, or Sneer will hitch us into a story.

Mrs. Dan. With all my heart; you can't be more ridiculous than you are.

Dan. You are enough to provoke—

Enter Mr. Sneer.

Ha! my dear Sneer, I am vastly glad to see you—My dear, here's Mr. Sneer.

Mrs. Dan. Good morning to you, sir.

Dan. Mrs. Dangle and I have been diverting ourselves with the papers. Pray, Sneer, won't you go to Drury-Lane theatre the first night of Puff's tragedy?

Sneer. Yes; but I suppose one shan't be able to get in, for on the first night of a new piece they always fill the house with orders to support it. But here, Dangle, I have brought you two pieces, one of which you must exert yourself to make the managers accept, I can tell you that; for 'tis written by a person of consequence.

Dan. So! now my plagues are beginning.

Sneer. Ay, I am glad of it, for now you'll be happy. Why, my dear Dangle, it is a pleasure to see how you enjoy your volunteer fatigue, and your solicited solicitations.

Dan. It's a great trouble—yet, egad, it's pleasant too.—Why, sometimes of a morning I have a dozen people call on me at breakfast time, whose faces I never saw before, nor ever desire to see again.

Sneer. That must be very pleasant indeed!

Dan. And not a week but I receive fifty letters, and not a line in them about any business of my own.

Sneer. An amusing correspondence!

Dan. [*Reading.*] “*Bursts into tears, and exit.*”—What, is this a tragedy?

Sneer. No, that’s a genteel comedy, not a translation—only *taken from the French*: it is written in a style which they have lately tried to run down; the true sentimental, and nothing ridiculous in it from the beginning to the end.

Mrs. Dan. Well, if they had kept to that, I should not have been such an enemy to the stage: there was some edification to be got from those pieces Mr. Sneer!

Sneer. I am quite of your opinion, Mrs. Dangle: the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment!

Mrs. Dan. It would have been more to the credit of the managers to have kept it in the other line.

Sneer. Undoubtedly, madam; and hereafter perhaps to have had it recorded, that in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserved *two* houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining.

Dan. Now, egad, I think the worst alteration is in the nicety of the audience. No double entendre, no smart inuendo admitted: even Vanbrugh and Congreve obliged to undergo a bungling reformation!

Sneer. Yes, and our prudery in this respect is just on a par with the artificial bashfulness of a courtesan, who increases the blush upon her cheek in an exact proportion to the diminution of her modesty.

Dan. Sneer can’t even give the public a good word! But what have we here?—This seems a very odd—

Sneer. O, that’s a comedy, on a very new plan;

replete with wit and mirth, yet of a most serious moral! You see it is called "*The Reformed Housebreaker*;" where, by the mere force of humour, *house-breaking* is put into so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season.

Dan. Egad, this is new indeed!

Sneer. Yes; it is written by a particular friend of mine, who has discovered that the follies and foibles of society are subjects unworthy of the Comic Muse, who should be taught to stoop only at the greater vices and blacker crimes of humanity—gibbeting capital offences in five acts, and pillorying petty larcenies in two.—In short, his idea is to dramatize the penal laws, and to make the stage a court of ease to the Old Bailey.

Dan. It is truly moral.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dan. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs. Dan. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because every body else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, if not of your judgment.

Dan. But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that's the truth on't—though he's my friend.

Sneer. Never.—He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty: and then the insidious humility with which he seduces

you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dan. Very true,—egad ! though he's my friend.

Sneer. 'Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures ; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism : yet he is so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dan. There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you ?

Dan. O yes ; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you ?

Dan. Why, between ourselves, egad, I must own—though he is my friend—that it is one of the most——He's here—[*Aside*]*—finished and most admirable perform——*

[*Sir Fretful without.*] Mr. Sneer with him, did you say ?

Enter Sir Fretful Plagiary.

Dan. Ah, my dear friend !—Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy.—Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable !

Sneer. You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

Sir F. You make me extremely happy ; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there is'nt a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do your's—and Mr. Dangle's.

Mrs. Dan. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that——

Dan. Mrs. Dangle!—Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle.—My friend Sneer was rallying just now——He knows how she admires you, and ——

Sir F. O Lord, I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to——A damned double-faced fellow! [*Aside.*]

Dan. Yes, yes,—Sneer will jest—but a better-humoured——

Sir F. O, I know——

Dan. He has a ready turn for ridicule—his wit costs him nothing.

Sir F. No, egad,—or I should wonder how he came by it. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Dan. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

Dan. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the Managers yet;—or can I be of any service to you?

Sir F. No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it.—I thank you, though—I sent it to the manager of Covent-garden theatre this morning.

Sneer. I should have thought that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury Lane.

Sir F. O lud! no—never send a play there while I live—hark 'ee! [*Whispers Sneer.*]

Sneer. Writes himself!—I know he does——

Sir F. I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing. But this I will say, through all my knowledge of life I have observed, that there is not a

passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer. I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir F. Besides, I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer. What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir F. Steal! to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and *he* you know never——

Sir F. That's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do any thing. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them in his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir F. And then, if such person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole——

Dan. If it succeeds.

Sir F. Ay; but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

Sneer. I'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

Sir F. How?

Sneer. Swear he wrote it.

Sir E. Plague on't now, *Sneer*, I shall take it ill.—I believe you want to take away my character as an author.

Sneer. Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

Sir F. Hey ! sir !——

Dan. O you know he never means what he say.s.

Sir F. Sincerely then—do you like the piece ?

Sneer. Wonderfully !

Sir F. But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey ?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you ?

Dan. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to——

Sir F. With most authors it is just so indeed ; they are in general strangely tenacious ! But for my part I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me ; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion ?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection ; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. Good God ! you surprise me !—wants incident !

Sneer. Yes ; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Good God ! Believe me Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you ?

Dan. Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient ; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life,

If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dan. No, I don't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no; it don't fall off.

Dan. Now Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say that it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. Dan. No, indeed, I did not. I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs. Dan. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was on the whole a little too long.

Sir F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. Dan. O lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F. Then I am very happy, very happy indeed,—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play: I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. Dan. Then I suppose it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F. O, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair! But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning

to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. Dan. I hope to see it on the stage next.

Dan. Well Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villanous—licentious—abominable—infernal——Not that I ever read them——No—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No! quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why that's true—and that attack, now, on you the other day——

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday: it was completely ill-natured to be sure.

Sir F. O, so much the better. Ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly it is only to be laughed at, for——

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle,—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

Sir F. O lud, no!—anxious,—not I,—not the least—I—But one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer do you recollect? Make out something. [*Aside.*

Sneer. I will. [*To Dangle.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common-place book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste: but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you: so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your most serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of

Falstaff's page, [and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha !

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you ; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating ; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what is not in their power to fertilize !

Sir F. (*after great agitation*)—Now another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh ! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it—I *am* diverted.—Ha ! ha ! ha !—not the least invention !—Ha ! ha ! ha ! very good !—very good !

Sneer. Yes—no genius ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

Dan. A severe rogue ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure—for if there is any thing to praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it ; and if it is abuse, why one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another !

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there is an Italian gentleman, with a French interpreter, and three young ladies, and a dozen musicians, who say they are sent by Lady Rondeau and Mrs. Fugue.

Dan. Gad so ! they come by appointment. Dear Mrs. Dangle, do let them know I'll see them directly.

Mrs. Dan. You know, Mr. Dangle, I shan't understand a word they say.

Dan. But you hear there's an interpreter.

Mrs. Dan. Well, I'll try and endure their complaisance till you come. [Exit.

Serv. And Mr. Puff, sir, has sent word that the last rehearsal is to be this morning, and that he'll call on you presently.

Dan. That's true—I shall certainly be at home.

[Exit Servt.

Now, Sir Fretful, if you have a mind to have justice done you in the way of answer, egad, Mr. Puff's your man.

Sir F. Pshaw! Sir, why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it?

Dan. True, I had forgot that. But I hope you are not fretted at what Mr. Sneer——

Sir F. Zounds! no, Mr. Dangle; don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least?

Dan. Nay, I only thought——

Sir F. And let me tell you, Mr. Dangle, 'tis damned affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt, when I tell you I am not.

Sneer. But why so warm, Sir Fretful?

Sir F. Gad's life! Mr. Sneer, you are as absurd as Dangle: how often must I repeat it to you that nothing can vex me but your supposing it possible for me to mind the damned nonsense you have been repeating to me!—and let me tell you, if you continue to believe this, you must mean to insult me, gentlemen,—and then your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms—and I shall treat it with the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt—and so your servant. [Exit.

Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Sir Fretful! Now will he go and vent his philosophy in anonymous abuse of

all modern critics and authors.—But, Dangle, you must get your friend Puff to take me to the rehearsal of his tragedy.

Dan. I'll answer for't, he'll thank you for desiring it. But come and help me to judge of the musical family : they are recommended by people of consequence, I assure you.

Sneer. I am at your disposal the whole morning : but I thought you had been a decided critic in music as well as in literature.

Dan. So I am—but I have a bad ear. I' faith, Sneer, though, I am afraid we were a little too severe on Sir Fretful—though he is my friend.

Sneer. Why 'tis certain, that unnecessarily to mortify the vanity of any writer is a cruelty which mere dullness never can deserve ; but where a base and personal malignity usurps the place of literary emulation, the aggressor deserves neither quarter nor pity.

Dan. That's true, egad !—though he's my friend !

FROM ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter Puff.

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you ?

Dan. Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

Puff. Mr. Sneer is this?—Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgment——

Sneer. Dear sir——

Dan. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer ; my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession !

Puff. Yes, sir ; I make no secret of the trade I follow among friends and brother authors. Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *viva voce*—I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or, to speak more plainly, a professor of the art of puffing, at your service—or any one else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging !—I believe, Mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints ?

Puff. Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town.—Devlish hard work all the summer, Friend Dangle—never worked harder ! But hark'ee,—the winter managers were a little sore, I believe.

Dan. No, I believe they took it all in good part.

Puff. Ay !—then that must have been affectation in them ; for, egad, there were some of the attacks that there was no laughing at !

Sneer. Ay, the humorous ones :—But I should think, Mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

Puff. Why, yes,—but in a clumsy way : besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side. I dare say, now, you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends ?—No such thing : nine out of ten manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed !

Puff. Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers, I say—though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of merit theirs, take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as catalogues !—No, sir, 'twas I first enriched their

style !—'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other, like the bidders in their own auction rooms !—From me they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor : by me too their inventive faculties were called forth :—yes, sir, by me they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil ; or on emergencies to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn ; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbourhood ; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire !

Dan. I am sure you have done them infinite service ; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

Sneer. Service !—if they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him ; they would figure him as a presiding Mercury, the god of traffic and fiction, with a hammer in his hand, instead of a caduceus. But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way ?

Puff. Egad, sir, sheer necessity—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention : you must know, Mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that for some time after I led a most extraordinary life indeed !

Sneer. How, pray ?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes ?

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other

occasional disorders, and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortunes ! You practised as a doctor and an attorney at once ?

Puff. No, egad : both maladies and miseries were my own.

Sneer. Hey ! what the plague !

Dan. 'Tis true, i' faith.

Puff. Hark'ee !—By advertisements—"To the charitable and humane !" and "to those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence !"

Sneer. Oh, I understand it.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got ; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time. Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes : then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all both times : I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs : that told very well ; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

Dan. Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me.

Puff. In November last ?—O, no ; I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend.—I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption. I was then reduced to—O, no—then I became a widow with six helpless children, after having had eleven husbands

pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into an hospital !

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt ?

Puff. Why, yes ; though I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se* ; but as I did not find these *rash actions* answer, I left off killing myself very soon.—Well, sir,—at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, through my favourite channels of diurnal communication—and so, sir, you have my history.

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative, indeed ; and your confession, if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition.—But surely Mr. Puff, there is no great-mystery in your present profession ?

Puff. Mystery, sir ! I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule.

Puff. O lud, sir, you are very ignorant, I am afraid.—Yes, sir—puffing is of various sorts ; the principal are, the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of letter to

the editor, occasional anecdote, impartial critique, observation from correspondent, or advertisement from the party.

Sneer. The puff direct, I can conceive——

Puff. O yes, that's simple enough; for instance,—a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres (though by the by they don't bring out half what they ought to do)—the author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper, or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received; I have the plot from the author, and only add—characters strongly drawn—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt. Then for the performance—Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry. That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel;—but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King: indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience. As to the scenery—the miraculous powers of Mr. De Louthembourg's pencil are universally acknowledged. In short, we are at a loss which to admire most, the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers.

Sneer. That's pretty well indeed, sir.

Puff. O cool—quite cool—to what I sometimes do.

Sneer. And do you think there are many who are influenced by this?

Puff. O lud, yes, sir: the number of those who

undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed.

Sneer. Well, sir,—the puff preliminary.

Puff. O that, sir, does well in the form of a caution. In a matter of gallantry now—Sir Flimsy Gossamer wishes to be well with Lady Fanny Fete. He applies to me—I open trenches for him with a paragraph in the Morning Post.—It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished lady F. four stars F dash E to be on her guard against that dangerous character Sir F dash G ; who, however pleasing and insinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments!*—in Italics. Here, you see, Sir Flimsy Gossamer is introduced to the particular notice of Lady Fanny, who perhaps never thought of him before—she finds herself publicly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him : the observation of their acquaintance causes a pretty kind of mutual embarrassment ; this produces a sort of sympathy of interest, which if Sir Flimsy is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular set, and in a particular way—which nine times out of ten is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry.

Dan. Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business.

Puff. Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote. Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bon-mot was sauntering down St. James's-street, he met the lively Lady Mary Myrtle, coming out of the Park :—" Good God ! Lady Mary, I'm surprised to meet you in a white jacket, for I expected never

to have seen you, but in a full trimmed uniform and a light horseman's cap!" "Heavens, George, where could you have learned that?"—"Why," replied the wit, "I just saw the print of you, in a new publication called the Camp Magazine, which, by the by, is a devilish clever thing, and is sold, at No. 3, on the right hand side of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, price only one shilling!"

Sneer. Very ingenious indeed.

Puff. But the puff collusive is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility. It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets. An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem called Beelzebub's Cotillion, or Proserpine's Fête Champêtre, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read. The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking; and as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age. Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth; first, that nobody ought to read it; and, secondly, that every body buys it: on the strength of which the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he has sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for scan. mag.

Dan. Ha! ha! ha!—gad, I know it is so.

Puff. As to the puff oblique, or puff by implication, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated

by an instance : it attracts in titles and presumes in patents ; it lurks in the limitation of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of crowd and incommodation at public places ; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity ; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach. It has a wonderful memory for parliamentary debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favoured member with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions. It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect *honour* on the *patrons* ; and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen, who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a riband for implied services in the air of a common report ; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands, to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, sir, is the last principal class of the art of puffing—an art which I hope you will now agree with me is of the highest dignity, yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit ; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism and politics : the applause of genius—the register of charity—the triumph of heroism—the self-defence of contractors—the fame of orators—and the gazette of ministers.

Sneer. Sir, I am completely a convert both to the importance and ingenuity of your profession ; and now, sir, there is but one thing which can possibly increase my respect for you, and that is, your permitting me to be present this morning at the rehearsal of your new tragedy—

Puff. Hush, for heaven's sake !—*My* tragedy !—

Egad, Dangle, I take this very ill : you know how apprehensive I am of being known to be the author.

Dan. I' faith I would not have told—but it's in the papers, and your name at length in the Morning Chronicle,

Puff. Ah ! those damned editors never can keep a secret !—Well, Mr. Sneer, no doubt you will do me great honour—I shall be infinitely happy—highly flattered——

Dan. I believe it must be near the time—shall we go together ?

Puff. No ; it will not be yet this hour, for they are always late at that theatre : besides, I must meet you there, for I have some little matters here to send to the papers, and a few paragraphs to scribble before I go (*looking at memorandums.*) Here is “ a conscientious Baker on the subject of the Army Bread ; ” and “ a Detester of visible Brick-work, in favour of the new invented Stucco ; both in the style of Junius, and promised for to-morrow. The Thames Navigation too is at a stand. Miso-mud or Anti-shoal must go to work again directly.—Here, too, are some political memorandums—I see ; ay—To take Paul Jones, and get the Indiamen out of the Shannon—reinforce Byron—compel the Dutch to — so ! I must do that in the evening papers, or reserve it for the Morning Herald ; for I know that I have undertaken to-morrow, besides, to establish the unanimity of the fleet in the Public Advertiser, and to shoot Charles Fox in the Morning Post.—So, egad I han't a moment to lose !

Dan. Well !—we'll meet in the Green Room.

[*Exeunt severally*

SPEECH OF ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

FROM "PIZARRO." ACT II. SCENE II.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No!—You have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: we serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—yes:—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride. They offer us their protection—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and

tell them, too, we seek no change ; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

SPECIMENS OF ELOQUENCE.

From the Speech against Mr. Hastings on the Begum Charge, in the House of Commons, Feb. 7, 1787.

“ I recollect to have heard it advanced by some of those admirers of Mr. Hastings who are not so implicit as to give unqualified applause to his crimes, that they find an apology for the atrocity of them in the greatness of his mind. To estimate the solidity of such a defence, it will be sufficient merely to consider in what consists this prepossessing distinction, this captivating characteristic of greatness of mind. Is it not solely to be traced in great actions directed to great ends ? In them, and them alone, we are to search for true estimable magnanimity. To them only can we justly affix the splendid title and honours of real greatness. There is, indeed another species of greatness, which displays itself in boldly conceiving a bad measure, and undauntedly pursuing it to its accomplishment. But has Mr. Hastings the merit of exhibiting either of these descriptions of greatness—even of the latter ? I see nothing great—nothing magnanimous—nothing open—nothing direct—in his measures or in his mind. On the contrary, he has too often pursued the worst objects by the worst means. His course has been an eternal deviation from rectitude. He has either tyrannized or deceived ; and has by turns been a Dionysius and a Scapin. As well may the writhing obliquity of the serpent be compared to the swift directness of the arrow, as the duplicity of Mr. Hastings’s ambition

to the simple steadiness of genuine magnanimity. In his mind all is shuffling, ambiguous, dark, insidious, and little. Nothing simple, nothing unmixed : all affected plainness and actual dissimulation ; a heterogeneous mass of contradictory qualities ; with nothing great but his crimes, and even these contrasted by the littleness of his motives, which at once denote both his baseness and his meanness, and mark him for a traitor and a trickster. Nay, in his style and writing there is the same mixture of vicious contrarieties : the most groveling ideas are conveyed in the most inflated language ; giving mock consequence to low cavils and urging quibbles in heroics ; so that his compositions disgust the mind's taste as much as his actions excite the soul's abhorrence. Indeed, this mixture of character seems, by some unaccountable but inherent quality, to be appropriated, though in inferior degrees, to every thing that concerns his employers. I remember to have heard an honourable and learned gentleman (Mr. Dundas) remark, that there is something in the first frame and constitution of the Company, which extends the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations ; connecting with their civil policy, and even with their boldest achievements, the meanness of a pedler, and the profligacy of a pirate. Alike in the political and the military line may be observed *auctioneering ambassadors* and *trading generals*—and thus we see a revolution brought about by *affidavits* ; an army employed in *executing an arrest* ; a town besieged on a *note of hand* ; a prince dethroned for the *balance of an account*. Thus it is, that they exhibit a government which unites the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the *little traffic of a mer-*

chant's counting-house, wielding a truncheon with one hand, and picking a pocket with the other."

From the Speech against Mr. Hastings on the Begum Charge, in Westminster Hall, June 3, 1788.

"Major Scott comes to your bar—describes the shortness of time—represents Mr. Hastings, as it were, *contracting for* a character—putting his memory *into commission*—making *departments* for his conscience. A number of friends meet together, and he, knowing (no doubt) that the accusation of the Commons had been drawn up by a Committee, thought it necessary, as a point of punctilio, to answer it by a Committee also. One furnishes the raw material of fact, the second spins the argument, and the third twines up the conclusion, while Mr. Hastings, with a master's eye, is cheering, and looking over the loom. He says to one, 'You have got my good faith in my hands—*you* my veracity to manage. Mr. Shore, I hope you will make me a good financier. Mr. Middleton, you have my humanity in commission.'—When it is done, he brings it to the House of Commons, and says, 'I am equal to the task. I knew the difficulties, but I scorn them. Here is the truth, and if the truth will convict me, I am content myself to be the channel of it.' His friends hold up their heads, and say, 'What noble magnanimity! This must be the effect of conscious and real innocence.' Well, it is so received, it is so argued upon,—but it fails of its effect.

"Then says Mr. Hastings,—'That my defence! no, mere journeyman-work,—good enough for the Commons, but not fit for your lordships' consideration.' He then calls upon his own counsel to save

him:—‘ I fear none of my accuser’s witnesses—I know some of them well—I know the weakness of their memory and the strength of their attachment—I fear no testimony but my own—save me from the peril of my own panegyric—preserve me from that, and I shall be safe.’ Then is the plea brought to your lordships’ bar, and Major Scott gravely asserts—that Mr. Hastings did, at the bar of the House of Commons, vouch for facts of which he was ignorant, and for arguments which he had never read.

“ After such an attempt, we certainly are left in doubt to decide to *which* set of his friends Mr. Hastings is the least obliged, those who assisted him in making his defence, or those who advised him to deny it.”

* * * * *

“ State-necessity ! no, my lords ; that imperial tyrant, *State-necessity*, is yet a generous despot,—bold is his demeanour, rapid his decision, and terrible his grasp. But what he does, my lords, he dares avow, and, avowing, scorns any other justification than the great motives that placed the iron sceptre in his hand. But a quibbling, pilfering, prevaricating State-necessity, that tries to skulk behind the skirts of Justice ;—a State-necessity that tries to steal a pitiful justification from whispered accusations and fabricated rumours—no, my lords, that is no State-necessity :—tear off the mask, and you see coarse, vulgar avarice ; you see speculation lurking under the gaudy disguise, and adding the guilt of libelling the public honour to his own private fraud.”

* * * * *

“ If we could suppose a person to have come suddenly into the country, unacquainted with any cir-

cumstances that had passed since the days of Sujah ul Dowlah, he would naturally ask—what cruel hand has wrought this wide desolation, what barbarian foe has invaded the country, has desolated its fields, depopulated its villages? He would ask what disputed succession, civil rage, or frenzy of the inhabitants, had induced them to act in hostility to the words of God and the beauteous works of man? He would ask what religious zeal or frenzy had added to the mad despair and horrors of war? The ruin is unlike any thing that appears recorded in any age: it looks like neither the barbarities of men, nor the judgments of vindictive heaven. There is a waste of desolation, as if caused by fell destroyers, never meaning to return, and making but a short period of their rapacity. It looks as if some fabled monster had made its passage through the country, whose pestiferous breath had blasted more than its voracious appetite could devour.

“If there had been any men in the country, who had not their hearts and souls so subdued by fear as to refuse to speak at all upon such a subject, they would have told him there had been no war since the time of Sujah ul Dowlah—tyrant, indeed, as he was, but then deeply regretted by his subjects—that no hostile blow of any enemy had been struck in that land—that there had been no disputed succession—no civil war—no religious frenzy. But that these were the tokens of British friendship, the marks left by the embraces of British allies—more dreadful than the blows of the bitterest enemy. They would tell him that these allies had converted a prince into a slave, to make him the principal in the extortion upon his subjects; that their rapacity increased in

proportion as the means of supplying their avarice diminished ; that they made the sovereign pay as if they had a right to an increased price, because the labour of extortion and plunder increased. To such causes, they would tell him, these calamities were owing.

“ Need I refer your lordships to the strong testimony of Major Naylor, when he rescued Colonel Hannay from their hands—where you see that this people, born to submission, and bent to most abject subjection—that even they, in whose meek hearts injury had never yet begot resentment, nor even despair bred courage—that *their* hatred, *their* abhorrence of Colonel Hannay was such, that they clung round him by thousands and thousands ; that when Major Naylor rescued him, they refused life from the hand that could rescue Hannay ; that they nourished this desperate consolation, that by their death they should at least thin the number of wretches who suffered by his devastation and extortion. He says that, when he crossed the river, he found the poor wretches quivering upon the parched banks of the polluted stream, encouraging their blood to flow, and consoling themselves with the thought, that it would not sink into the earth, but rise to the common God of humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on their destroyers ! This warm description, which is no declamation of mine, but founded in actual fact, and in fair, clear proof before your lordships, speaks powerfully what the cause of these oppressions were, and the perfect justice of those feelings that were occasioned by them. And yet, my lords, I am asked to prove why these people arose in such concert :— ‘ there must have been machinations,’ forsooth, and

the Begums' machinations, to produce all this! Why did they rise! Because they were people in human shape; because patience under the detested tyranny of man is rebellion to the sovereignty of God; because allegiance to that Power that gives us the *forms* of men, commands us to maintain the *rights* of men. And never yet was this truth dismissed from the human heart—never in any time, in any age—never in any clime, where rude man ever had any social feeling, or where corrupt refinement had subdued all feelings—never was this one unextinguishable truth destroyed from the heart of man, placed, as it is, in the very core and centre of it by his Maker, that man was not made the property of man; that human power is a trust for human benefit; and that when it is abused, revenge becomes justice, if not the bounden duty of the injured. These, my lords, were the causes why these people rose!”

* * * * *

“I am perfectly convinced that there is one idea, which must arise in your lordships' mind as a subject of wonder—how a person of Mr. Hastings' reputed abilities can furnish such matter of accusation against himself. For it must be admitted that never was there a person who seems to go so rashly to work, with such an arrogant appearance of contempt for all conclusions that may be deduced from what he advances upon the subject. When he seems most earnest and laborious to defend himself, it appears as if he had but one idea uppermost in his mind—a determination not to care what he says, provided he keeps clear of fact. He knows that truth must convict him, and concludes, *à converso*, that falsehood will acquit him; forgetting that there must be some

connexion, some system, some co-operation, or, otherwise, his host of falsities fall without an enemy, self-discomfited and destroyed. But of this he never seems to have had the slightest apprehension. He falls to work, an artificer of fraud, against all the rules of architecture ; he lays his ornamental work first, and his massy foundation on the top of it, and thus his whole building tumbles upon his head. Other people look well to their ground, choose their position, and watch whether they are likely to be surprised there ; but he, as if in the ostentation of his heart, builds upon a precipice, and encamps upon a mine, from choice. He seems to have no one actuating principle, but a steady, persevering resolution not to speak the truth or to tell the fact.

“ It is impossible almost to treat conduct of this kind with perfect seriousness ; yet I am aware that it ought to be more seriously accounted for—because I am sure it has been a sort of paradox, which must have struck your lordships, how any person having so many motives to conceal—having so many reasons to dread deception—should yet go to work so clumsily upon the subject. It is possible, indeed, that it may raise this doubt—whether such a person is of sound mind enough to be a proper object of punishment ; or at least it may give a kind of confused notion, that the guilt cannot be of so deep and black a grain, over which such a thin veil was thrown, and so little trouble taken to avoid detection. I am aware that, to account for this seeming paradox, historians, poets, and even philosophers—at least of ancient times—have adopted the superstitious solution of the vulgar, and said that the gods deprive men of reason whom they devote to destruction or to punishment.

But to unassuming or unprejudiced reason, there is no need to resort to any supposed supernatural interference ; for the solution will be found in the eternal rules that formed the mind of man, and gave a quality and nature to every passion that inhabits in it.

“ An honourable friend of mine, (Mr. Burke,) who is now, I believe, near me,—a gentleman, to whom I never can on any occasion refer without feelings of respect, and, on this subject, without feelings of the most grateful homage ; a gentleman, whose abilities upon this occasion, as upon some former ones, happily for the glory of the age in which we live, are not intrusted merely to the perishable eloquence of the day, but will live to be the admiration of that hour when all of us are mute, and most of us forgotten ;—that honourable gentleman, has told you, that Prudence, the first of virtues, never can be used in the cause of vice. If, reluctant and diffident, I might take such a liberty, I should express a doubt, whether experience, observation, or history, will warrant us in fully assenting to this observation. It is a noble and a lovely sentiment, my lords, worthy the mind of him who uttered it ; worthy that proud disdain, that generous scorn, of the means and instruments of vice, which virtue and genius must ever feel. But I should doubt whether we can read the history of a Philip of Macedon, a Cæsar, or a Cromwell, without confessing, that there have been evil purposes, baneful to the peace and to the rights of men, conducted—if I may not say, with prudence or with wisdom—yet with awful craft and most successful and commanding subtlety. If, however, I might make a distinction, I should say that it is the proud attempt to mix a *variety* of lordly crimes that unsettles the prudence of the mind, and breeds this dis-

traction of the brain. *One* master-passion, domineering in the breast, may win the faculties of the understanding to advance its purpose, and to direct to that object every thing that thought or human knowledge can effect; but, to succeed, it must maintain a solitary despotism in the mind—each rival profligacy must stand aloof, or wait in abject vassalage upon its throne. For the Power, that has not forbade the entrance of evil passions into man's mind, has at least forbade their union;—if they meet, they defeat their object, and their conquest, or their attempt at it, is tumult. Turn to the Virtues—how different the decree! Formed to connect, to blend, to associate, and to co-operate; bearing the same course, with kindred energies and harmonious sympathy, each perfect in its own lovely sphere, each moving in its wider or more contracted orbit, with different, but centering powers, guided by the same influence of reason, and endeavouring at the same blessed end—the happiness of the individual, the harmony of the species, and the glory of the Creator. In the Vices, on the other hand, it is the discord that ensures the defeat—each clamours to be heard in its own barbarous language; each claims the exclusive cunning of the brain; each thwarts and reproaches the other; and even while their fell rage assails with common hate the peace and virtue of the world, the civil war among their own tumultuous legions defeat the purpose of the foul conspiracy. These are the furies of the mind, my lords, that unsettle the understanding; these are the Furies that destroy the virtue Prudence, while the distracted brain and shivered intellect proclaim the tumult that is within, and bear their testimonies, from the mouth of God himself, to the foul condition of the heart.”

* * * *

“ When I see in many of these letters the infirmities of age made a subject of mockery and ridicule ; when I see the feelings of a son treated by Mr. Middleton as puerile and contemptible ; when I see an order given from Mr. Hastings to harden that son’s heart, to choke the struggling nature in his bosom ; when I see them pointing to the son’s name and to his standard, while marching to oppress the mother, as to a banner that gives dignity, that gives a holy sanction and a reverence to their enterprise ; when I see and hear these things done—when I hear them brought into three deliberate defences set up against the charges of the Commons—my lords, I own I grow puzzled and confounded, and almost begin to doubt whether, where such a defence can be offered, it may not be tolerated.

“ And yet, my lords, how can I support the claim of filial love by argument—much less the affection of a son to a mother—where love looses its awe, and veneration is mixed with tenderness? What can I say upon such a subject? What can I do but repeat the ready truths which, with the quick impulse of the mind, must spring to the lips of every man on such a theme? Filial Love! the morality of instinct, the sacrament of nature and duty—or rather let me say, it is miscalled a duty, for it flows from the heart without effort, and is its delight, its indulgence, its enjoyment. It is guided, not by the slow dictates of reason : it awaits not encouragement from reflection or from thought ; it asks no aid of memory ; it is an innate, but active, consciousness of having been the object of a thousand tender solitudes, a thousand waking watchful cares, of meek anxiety and patient sacrifices, unremarked and unrequited by the object.

It is a gratitude founded upon a conviction of obligations not remembered,—because conferred before the tender reason could acknowledge, or the infant memory record them—a gratitude and affection, which no circumstances should subdue, and which few can strengthen; a gratitude, in which even injury from the object, though it may blunt regret, should never breed resentment; an affection which can be increased only by the decay of those to whom we owe it, and which is then most fervent when the tremulous voice of age, resistless in its feebleness, inquires for the natural protector of its cold decline.

“ If these are the general sentiments of man, what must be their depravity, what must be their degeneracy, who can blot out and erase from the bosom the virtue that is deepest rooted in the human heart, and twined within the cords of life itself—aliens from nature, apostates from humanity ! And yet, if there is a crime more fell, more foul—if there is any thing worse than a wilful persecutor of his mother—it is to see a deliberate, reasoning instigator and abettor to the deed :—this it is that shocks, disgusts, and appals the mind more than the other—to view, not a wilful parricide, but a parricide by compulsion, a miserable wretch, not actuated by the stubborn evils of his own worthless heart, not driven by the fury of his own distracted brain, but leading his sacrilegious hand, without any malice of his own, to answer the abandoned purposes of the human fiends that have subdued his will ! To condemn crimes like these, we need not talk of laws or of human rules; their foulness, their deformity, does not depend upon local constitutions, upon human institutes, or religious creeds : they are crimes; and the persons who perpetrate them are

monsters, who violate the primitive condition upon which the earth was given to man;—they are guilty by the general verdict of human kind.”

* * * * *

“ And now, before I come to the last magnificent paragraph*, let me call the attention of those who, possibly, think themselves capable of judging of the dignity and character of justice in this country; let me call the attention of those who, arrogantly perhaps, presume that they understand what the features, what the duties of justice are, here and in India; let them learn a lesson from this great statesman, this enlarged, this liberal philosopher:—‘ I hope I shall not depart from the simplicity of official language in saying, that the Majesty of Justice ought to be approached with solicitations, not descend to provoke or invite it, much less to debase itself by the suggestion of wrongs, and the promise of redress, with the denunciation of punishment before trial, and even before accusation.’ This is the exhortation which Mr. Hastings makes to his counsel! This is the character which he gives of British justice!”

* * * * *

“ But I will ask your lordships, do you approve this representation? Do you feel that this is the true image of justice? Is this the character of British justice? Are these her features? Is this her countenance? Is this her gait or her mien? No; I think even now I hear you calling on me to turn from this vile libel, this base caricature, this Indian pagod,

* Of a letter written by Mr. Hastings, which contains the sentence subsequently quoted by Mr. Sheridan.

formed by the hand of guilty and knavish tyranny, to dupe the heart of ignorance,—to turn from this deformed idol to the true majesty of justice here. *Here*, indeed, I see a different form, enthroned by the sovereign hand of Freedom,—awful without severity—commanding without pride—vigilant and active without restlessness or suspicion—searching and inquisitive without meanness or debasement—not arrogantly scorning to stoop to the voice of afflicted innocence, and in its loveliest attitude when bending to uplift the suppliant at its feet.

“It is by the majesty, by the form of that justice, that I do conjure and implore your lordships to give your minds to this great business; that I exhort you to look, not so much to words, which may be denied or quibbled away, but to the plain facts; weigh and consider the testimony in your own minds: we know the result must be inevitable. Let the truth appear, and our cause is gained. It is this, I conjure your lordships, for your own honour, for the honour of the nation, for the honour of human nature, now intrusted to your care,—it is this duty that the Commons of England, speaking through us, claim at your hands.

“They exhort you to it by every thing that calls sublimely upon the heart of man, by the majesty of that justice which this bold man has libelled, by the wide fame of your own tribunal, by the sacred pledge by which you swear in the solemn hour of decision, knowing that that decision will then bring you the highest reward that ever blessed the heart of man—the consciousness of having done the greatest act of mercy for the world, that the earth has ever yet received from any hand but Heaven.—My lords, I have done.”

*From the Debate on the State of public Income and
Expenditure, Feb. 17, 1792.*

“ The House will now see, that though the ungracious task was imposed on them to lay on these taxes, their constituents were not to look to them for relief.* A new feeling of hope is to be inspired into the people, a new feeling of gratitude is to be planted in their bosoms—they are to be taught to petition for relief from taxes. This is a very delicate subject for gentlemen to speak on—it lays an embargo on the House. No man can put himself into the ungracious state of opposing the repeal of afflicting taxes. Who can deny to the poor family the boon of getting their candles a halfpenny cheaper? Should a severe sense of duty urge any gentleman to look the true situation of the country in the face, and to oppose this artful and insidious way of attacking the privileges of the Commons house of parliament, I well know how easily a cry may be raised against him, and with what facility he may be made the victim of a little well managed misrepresentation. I remember a line or two of some verses made upon my honourable friend, by one of his constituents, which has never failed to produce a torrent of applause; not from the elegance of the poetry, so much as from the sturdy *ad captandum* praise which it gives him. My friend, who, with all his merits, has certainly no pretension to this praise, will pardon me for repeating it :

‘ Whenever a tax in the house was projected,
Great Fox he rose up and always objected.’

* Mr. Pitt had proposed the repeal of some taxes.

Now this, which is certainly untrue, may be turned very neatly to the detriment of those who may think it their duty to inquire before they act—to ascertain whether we really have a surplus, before we give up our income; and at any rate the grace ought to come constitutionally from that branch of the legislature which has the power of the purse, and which has been so unmercifully called upon, by the same right honourable gentleman, to draw the strings. Why has he not waited, and given to the house the grace of originating the measure? The truth is, it has craftily been considered as the best answer to all the imputations against him for the Russian and Spanish armaments; so at least other men, who have less candour and respect for him than I possess, might insinuate. They might draw strange conclusions from the circumstances; and the nation might be brought to think that blunders are more advantageous to them than wisdom—that when he is convicted of error, he is distributing to them relief. A session without a blunder would be a session of calamity; but an armament would be desirable. ‘I have,’ he might say, ‘involved you in a quarrel with Spain—here, there’s a tax upon malt for you. I have made the English name ridiculous all over the world, by bullying Russia—here, take back the female servants, I have no use for them.—I have involved you in a war with Tippoo Saib—take your candles a halfpenny cheaper in the pound.’ Thus they are to be taught to love misfortune—to be enamoured of misconduct—and if an administration should succeed him, under which wisdom and prudence should produce their usual effects of security and quiet, the right honourable gentleman would be at the head of the most violent and

clamorous opposition that this country ever witnessed. They would call out importunately for a change. — ‘ Give us back that bustling and dangerous administration, that went on arming and unarming ; taxing and untaxing ; who committed so many blunders that they were for ever making atonement ; who broke our heads that they might give us a plaster. We abhor this uniform system of order and quiet.’ ”

*From the Debate on the Address on the King's Speech,
January 21, 1794.*

“ The noble lord (Lord Mornington) not content with the unfairness of overlooking all the circumstances which imperious necessity must inevitably impose upon a country circumstanced as France is, thinks it fair and candid to contrast the proceedings of their convention on the subject of supply and finance, with the proceedings of the British minister and of the British Parliament ? *We*, it seems, assist commerce instead of oppressing it. *We* lend the credit of the public exchequer to our private merchants : and for the means of carrying on the war, not even voluntary contributions are expected, unless it be in little female keep-sakes for the army, of gloves, mittens, nightcaps, and under waistcoats. Certainly the contrast between the French means of supply and ours is obvious, and long may it continue so ! But the noble lord pursues his triumph on this subject too far ; not content with simply alluding to it, which one would have imagined would have answered all his purposes, he endeavours to impress it more forcibly on our minds, by making a regular speech for our chancellor of the exchequer, and exultingly demanding what we should say, if his right honourable friend

(Mr. Pitt,) were to come down and propose to the British Parliament such ways and means as the minister of finance in France is compelled to resort to? What should we think if he were to rise and propose, that all persons who had money or property in an unproductive state should lend it without interest to the public? If he were to propose, that all who had saved incomes from the bounty of the state should refund what they had received? What, finally, if all persons possessing fortunes of any size were called upon to give up the whole during the war, or reserve to themselves only the means of subsistence, or at the utmost one hundred and eighty pounds a year? Upon my word, sir, I agree with the noble lord, that if his right honourable friend were to come down to us with any such proposition, he would not long retain his present situation. And with such a consequence inevitable, he need not remind us, that there is no great danger of our chancellor of the exchequer making any such experiment, any more than of the most zealous supporters of the war in this country, vieing in their contributions with the abettors of republicanism in that. I can more easily fancy another sort of speech for our prudent minister. I can more easily conceive him modestly comparing himself and his own measures with the character and conduct of his rival, and saying—‘Do I demand of you, wealthy citizens, to lend your hoards to government without interest? On the contrary, when I shall come to propose a loan, not a man of you to whom I shall not hold out at least a job in every part of the subscription, and a usurious profit upon every pound you devote to the necessities of your country. Do I demand of you, my fellow placemen and brother pensioners, that you

should sacrifice any part of your stipends to the public exigency; on the contrary, am I not daily increasing your emoluments and your numbers in proportion as the country becomes unable to provide for you?—Do I require of you, my latest and most zealous proselytes, of you who have come over to me for the special purpose of supporting the war—a war on the success of which you solemnly protest that the salvation of Britain, and of civil society itself, depend—do I require of you, that you should make a temporary sacrifice in the cause of human nature of the greater part of your private incomes? No, gentlemen, I scorn to take advantage of the eagerness of your zeal; and to prove that I think the sincerity of your zeal and attachment needs no such test, I will make your interest co-operate with your principle; I will quarter many of you on the public supply, instead of calling on you to contribute to it; and while their whole thoughts are absorbed in patriotic apprehensions for their country, I will dexterously force upon others the favourite objects of the vanity or ambition of their lives.”

“Sir, I perceive that the house feel that I have made a speech more in character for the right honourable gentleman, than the noble lord did; that I have supposed him simply to describe what he has been actually doing; but I am much mistaken if they do not at the same time think it rather indiscreet in the noble lord to have reminded us of such circumstances. Good God, sir, that he should have thought it prudent to have forced this contrast upon our attention; that he should triumphantly remind us of every thing that shame should have withheld, and caution would have buried in oblivion! Will those

who stood forth with a parade of disinterested patriotism, and vaunted of the *sacrifices* they had made, and the *exposed situations* they had chosen, in order the better to oppose the friends of Brissot in England—will they thank the noble lord for reminding us how soon these lofty professions dwindled into little jobbing pursuits for followers and dependants, as unfit to fill the offices procured for them, as the offices themselves were unfit to be created? Will the train of newly-titled alarmists, of supernumerary negotiators, of pensioned paymasters, agents, and commissioners, thank him for remarking to us how profitable their panic has been to themselves, and how expensive to their country? What a contrast, indeed, do we exhibit! What! in such an hour as this, at a moment pregnant with the national fate, when, pressing as the exigency may be, the hard task of squeezing the money from the pockets of an impoverished people, from the toil, the drudgery of the shivering poor, must make the most practised collector's heart ache while he tears it from them; can it be, that people of high rank, and professing high principles, that *they* or their families should seek to thrive on the spoils of misery, and fatten on the meals wrested from industrious poverty? Can it be, that this should be the case with the very persons who state the *unprecedented peril of the country* as the *sole* cause of their being found in the ministerial ranks? The constitution is in danger, religion is in danger, the very existence of the nation itself is endangered; all personal and party considerations ought to vanish; the war must be supported by every possible exertion, and by every possible sacrifice; the people must not murmur at their burthens, it is for their salvation, their all is at stake. The time is

come when all honest and disinterested men should rally round the throne as a standard ;—for what, ye honest and disinterested men ? to receive for your own private emolument a portion of those very taxes which you yourselves wring from the people, on the pretence of saving them from the poverty and distress which you say the enemy would inflict, but which you take care that no enemy shall be able to aggravate. Oh ! shame ! shame ! is this a time for selfish intrigues, and the little dirty traffic for lucre and emolument ? Does it suit the honour of a gentleman to ask at such a moment ? Does it become the honesty of a minister to grant ? Is it intended to confirm the pernicious doctrine, so industriously propagated by many, that all public men are impostors, and that every politician has his price ? Or even where there is no principle in the bosom, why does not prudence hint to the mercenary and the vain, to abstain a while at least, and wait the fitting of the times ? Improvident impatience ! Nay, even from those who seem to have no direct object of office or profit, what is the language which their actions speak ? The throne is in danger ! we will support the throne ; but let us share the smiles of royalty—the order of nobility is in danger ! I will fight for nobility, says the viscount, but my zeal would be much greater if I were made an earl. Rouse all the marquis within me ! exclaims the earl, and the peerage never turned forth a more undaunted champion in its cause than I shall prove. Stain my green riband blue, cries out the illustrious knight, and the fountain of honour will have a fast and faithful servant !—What are the people to think of our sincerity ?—What credit are they to give to our professions ?—Is this system to be persevered in ?—Is there noth-

ing that whispers to that right honourable gentleman that the crisis is too big, that the times are too gigantic, to be ruled by the little hackneyed and every-day means of ordinary corruption?—or are we to believe, that he has within himself a conscious feeling that disqualifies him from rebuking the ill-timed selfishness of his new allies?”

From the Debate on the Repealing the Bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, Jan. 5, 1795.

“I can suppose the case of a haughty and stiff-necked minister, who never mixed in a popular assembly, who has therefore no common feeling with the mass of the people, no knowledge of the mode in which their intercourse is conducted, who had not been a month in the ranks in this house before he was raised to the first situation, and, though on a footing with any other member, elevated with the idea of fancied superiority; such a minister can have no communication with the people of England, except through the medium of spies and informers; he is unacquainted with the mode in which their sentiments are expressed, and cannot make allowance for the language of toasts and resolutions, adopted in an unguarded and convivial hour. Such a minister, if he lose their confidence, he will bribe their hate; if he disgust them by arbitrary measures, he will not leave them till they are completely bound and shackled; above all, he will gratify the vindictive resentment of apostacy, by prosecuting all those who dare to espouse the cause which he has betrayed: and he will not desist from the gratification of his malignant propensities, and the prosecution of his arbitrary schemes, till he has buried in one grave the peace, the happiness, the glory, the in-

dependence, of England. Such a minister must be disqualified to judge of the real state of the country, and must be eternally the dupe of those spies, whose interest it is to deceive him as well as betray others. In what country, or from what quarter of the community, are we to apprehend the effects of those principles of insubordination, with which we have been so often threatened? The characteristic feature of the English nation is entirely different; they testify on every occasion the utmost respect for superiority (I am sorry to use the phrase) wherever the advantages of rank or fortune are exercised by those who enjoy them with any tolerable decency or regard to the welfare of their dependents. What nobleman or gentleman finds in his tenants or servants, as long as he treats them with propriety and kindness, a hostile and envious disposition? What merchant or great manufacturer finds in those whom he employs, so long as he treats them well, a sullen and uncomplying temper, instead of a prompt and cheerful obedience? This tendency to insubordination forms no part of the temper or character of the people; the contrary disposition is even carried to an extreme. If I am asked, whether there is any danger in the present moment, I say yes. But it is not a danger of that sort which is to be remedied by suspending the rights, or abridging the privileges of the people. The danger arises from a contempt being produced, among the lower orders, of all public men and all public principles."

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"I will not admit the inference or the argument, that, because a people, bred under a proud, insolent, and grinding despotism, maddened by the recollection of former injuries, and made savage by the observa-

tion of former cruelties ; a people, in whose minds no sincere respect for property or law ever could have existed, because property had never been secured to them, and law had never protected them ; a people separated and divided into classes by the strongest and harshest lines of distinction, generating envy and smothered malice in the lower ranks, and pride and insolence in the higher :—that the actions of such a people at any time, much less in the hour of frenzy and of fury, provoked and goaded by the arms and menaces of the surrounding despots that assailed them, should furnish an inference or ground on which to estimate the temper, character, or feelings, of the people of Great Britain ; of a people who, though sensible of many abuses, which disfigure the constitution, are yet not insensible to its many and invaluable blessings ; a people who reverence the laws of their country, because those laws protect and shield all alike : a people, among whom all that is advantageous in private acquisition, all that is honourable in public ambition, is equally open to the efforts, the industry, and the abilities of all ; among whom progress and rise in society and public estimation is one ascending slope, as it were, without a break or landing place ; among whom no sullen line of demarcation separates and cuts off the several orders from each other, but all is one blended tint, from the deepest shade that veils the meanest occupation of laborious industry, to the brightest hue that glitters in the luxurious pageantry of title, wealth, and power. I, therefore, will not look to the example of France ; for, between the feelings, the tempers, and the social disposition towards each other, much less towards the governments which they obey, of nations so dif-

ferently constituted, and of such different habits, I will assert that no comparison can be made which reason and philosophy ought not to spurn at with contempt and indignation."

*From the Debate on the Dog Tax Bill, April 25,
1796.*

"In regard to the bill itself, I have never met with one worded in a more extraordinary manner, and the folly of it extends even to the title; for, whereas the title ought to be 'A Tax Bill,' it is entitled 'A bill for the better protection of the persons and property of his Majesty's subjects, arising from the increase of dogs, by subjecting the keeping or having such dogs to a duty.' Hence, instead of supposing, as it generally has been supposed, that dogs are better than watchmen for the protection of property, people might be led to imagine that dogs are guilty of all the burglaries usually committed. In the preamble, also, there is the same species of phraseology: for it begins—'Whereas many dangers, accidents, and inconveniences,' (which to be sure is a beautiful climax,) 'have happened to the cattle and other property of his Majesty's subjects.' Now I never before heard of any particular accidents happening to property from the hydrophobia, except in the case of cattle. In the *Adventurer*, a periodical paper, published by the ingenious Dr. Hawkesworth, I remember, indeed, a sort of humorous account of a dog that bit a hog in the streets; the hog bit a farmer, and the farmer bit a cow; and, what is very extraordinary, each conveyed his peculiar quality to the other; for the hog barked like a dog, the farmer grunted like a hog, and the cow did its best to talk like the farmer. Now, I think there must have been something like this dis-

position in inanimate things also, by the conduct of the honourable gentleman in looking so carefully after property ; for, unless an instance has occurred of furniture's behaving in a disorderly manner, or a dumb waiter's barking in consequence of the hydrophobia, I conceive such a phrase could not have been introduced. The next part I have to notice is a clause, (the blank of which I hope will never be filled) that very solemnly states, ' For and in respect of every such dog, and for and in respect of every such bitch, a sum to be hereafter fixed is to be paid, and a register of such payments displayed on the church door where the parties reside.' So that if this bill pass, we ought to pass another to enlarge all the church and chapel doors throughout the kingdom ; for what with one tax and another, no modern church or chapel door is capable of containing a register of them all."

*From the Debate on the increased Assessment of Taxes,
January 4, 1798.*

" The honourable gentleman (Mr. Martin) considers the conduct of those whom he represents as unfit successors to the present men in power, as calculated to encourage the jacobins, and to forward the views of the French. These certainly are formidable evils; but the honourable gentleman quickly discovers some ground of consolation amidst the dangers which he apprehends. He thinks that my right honourable friend (Mr. Fox) would retract the declarations he has made, that he would renounce the principles he has avowed, and that in office he would not act upon the professions he held before he came into power. On what part of the conduct of my right honourable friend he founds this assertion, I am at a loss to con-

jecture. What are the professions made when out of office, which in power he has belied? True it is, that such conduct is not unusual with statesmen. True it is, that there have been men who have forfeited such pledges; who have said that there could be no salvation for this country without a radical reform (for this, beyond dispute, was the expression of the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Pitt) opposite); men who have maintained that no honest man could undertake the administration of this country without reform; and have, like him, abandoned the words and principles they once held, and resisted, by all the power of corruption, the cause which they had laboured to promote. With the right honourable gentleman, the type and image of apostacy, before his eyes, it perhaps is natural that the honourable gentleman should consider professions as made only to be renounced. When he reflects that the present minister has not only abandoned the principles he professed, and violated the faith he pledged to the public, but has become the most violent persecutor of those whom he had convinced by his arguments, and influenced by his example, there is no wonder that he should distrust professions, and ascribe but little sincerity to the declarations of statesmen. The honourable gentleman apprehends that many dreadful consequences would ensue, were this radical reform to be carried into effect. What that radical change of system is to be, the honourable gentleman professes to be ignorant. For my own part, I can say, that no man can be more decidedly hostile than I am to any change of system that could lead to a change of the ancient established constitution of this government. But I will tell the honourable gentleman what has been the conse-

quence of that change of system which has been introduced into the constitution of this country.

“ If any minister, of brilliant talents, of splendid endowments, but actuated by principles of the most boundless and colossal ambition, raised up by influence, supported by corruption, should set at nought the rules of parliament, violate the act of appropriation, raise money without the authority of the House, and send it out of the country without the consent of parliament; if he has transgressed the constitution with impunity, if his criminality is suffered to pass even without rebuke,—this is nothing less than a radical change of system. If by his folly and incapacity he has raised discontents,—if, by the burdens which he has imposed to support an impolitic and ruinous system, he has alienated the minds of the people from his government, if, to suppress the opposition which such a state of things must naturally produce, he has had recourse to military force, and covered the country with barracks, in defiance of the constitution—such practices constitute a radical change of system. If he has distinguished his administration by severity unknown to the laws of this country,—if he has introduced new codes of sedition and treason,—if he has doomed men of talents to the horrors of transportation, the victims of harsh and rigorous sentences,—if he has laboured to vilify and to libel the conduct of juries; such proceedings originate in a radical change of system. If he has used the royal prerogative in the creation of peers, not to reward merit, but converting the peerage into the regular price of base and servile support,—if he has carried this abuse so far, that, were the indignant, insulted spirit of this nation roused at length to demand justice on the crimes of which

he has been guilty, he would be tried in a house of peers, where the majority of the judges were created by himself—I will tell the honourable gentleman that such a state of things must have originated in a radical change of system. Would it not be right, then, to pull down this fabric of corruption, to recall the government to its original principles, and to re-establish the constitution upon its true basis? Will any set of men deny the necessity of a radical change of system, by which these evils shall be corrected,—will any do this, except those who already share in its corruptions, or who at some future period expect to promote their personal interests by those very abuses which have exhausted the strength and endangered the safety of their country?”

*From the Debate on the Definitive Treaty,
May 14, 1802.*

“Sir, if any thing in the shape of a statesman will say in this house, that he looks at that power, “at which the world turns pale,” without apprehension, as the minister seems to tell us to-night, I must say that he has a prodigious stock of courage, or no skill at all in politics. But let France have colonies! Oh, yes! Let her have a good trade, that she may be afraid of war, says the learned member! that’s the way to make Buonaparte love peace. He has had, to be sure, a sort of military education! He has been abroad, and in rather rough company; but if you put him behind the counter a little, he will mend exceedingly! When I was reading the treaty, I thought all the names of foreign places, viz. Pondicherry, Chandernagore, Cochin, Martinico, &c. all *cessions*. Not

they : they are so many traps and holes to catch this silly fellow in, and make a merchant of him ! I really think that, upon this principle, the best way would be this : let the merchants of London open a public subscription, and set him up at once ! I hear a great deal respecting a certain statue, about to be erected to the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Pitt) now in my eye, at a large expense. Send all that money over to the First Consul, and give him what you talk of so much, *capital*, to begin trade with. I hope the right honourable gentleman will, like the First Consul, refuse a statue for the present, and postpone it as a work to posterity. There is no harm, however, in marking out the place. The right honourable gentleman is musing, perhaps, on what square or place he will choose for its erection. I recommend the Bank of England. Now for the material. Not gold : no ! no ! he has not left enough of it. I should propose *papier maché* and old bank notes !”

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“ The ex-ministers are quite separate and distinct, and yet they and the new ministers are all *honourable friends* ! What is the meaning of this mysterious connexion ? Why does not the minister defend his peace on the only good grounds of defence ! Does he hold his situation only to make peace, and leave it for his predecessor ? Do they bargain for support, on one side, of talent, and, on the other, of power ? No minister of this country ever condescended to act under such an incomprehensible connexion, and to receive such equivocal support ! Part of the case is clear. If the late minister attacks the treaty, the present may turn round and say, ‘ You brought me into a situation of necessity—you compelled me to sign a disgraceful

treaty—you had been arrogant, and I have put up with indignity.—Buonaparte, by his minister, Otto, would laugh at me ! This work is yours.—You have placed us in this sad dilemma !' The minister, however, takes no strong ground of defence. I will not say he dare not take it. There he sits, to receive the attack of the new confederacy, who are not great in numbers, but in talents. The ex-minister is mounted on a kind of hill-fort, to fire down on the assailants, but the garrison is all manned with deserters from the principles of the war ? I should like to support the present minister on fair ground ; but what is he ? a sort of outside passenger—or, rather, a man leading the horses round a corner, while reins, whip, and all, are in the hands of the coachman on the box. (*Mr. S. looked at Mr. Pitt's elevated seat, three or four benches above that of the treasury.*) Why not have a union of the two ministers, or, at least, some intelligible connexion ? When the ex-minister quitted office, almost all the subordinate ministers kept their places ! How was it that the whole family did not move together ? Had he only one covered wagon to carry friends and goods ? Or has he left directions behind him, that they may know where to call ? I remember a fable of Aristophanes : it is translated from Greek into decent English. I mention this for the country gentlemen. It is of a man that sat so long on a seat (about as long, perhaps, as the ex-minister did on the treasury bench), that he grew to it. When Hercules pulled him off, he left all the sitting part of the man behind him ! The House can make the allusion. This is not a noble, manly kind of coalition between these gentlemen. Of that ex-minister I would just say, that no man admires his splendid

talents more than I do. If ever there was a man formed and fitted by nature to benefit his country, and to give it lustre, he is such a man. He has no low, little, mean, petty views. He has too much good sense, taste, and talent, to set his mind upon ribands, stars, titles, and other appendages and idols of rank. He is of a nature not at all suited to be the creature or tool of any court. (*Mr. Pitt bowed repeatedly.*) But while I thus say of him no more than I think his great character and talents deserve, I must tell him how grossly he has misapplied them in the politics of this country; I must tell him again how he has augmented our national debt, and of the lives he lost in this war. I must tell him he has done more against the privileges of the people, increased more the power of the crown, and injured more the constitution of his country, than any minister I can mention."

*From the Debate on the Army Estimates,
December 8, 1802.*

"Of the commercial talents of Buonaparte, I can be supposed to know but little; but bred in camps, it cannot be imagined that his commercial knowledge can be very great; and, indeed, if I am rightly informed, he is proceeding on the old plan of heavy duties and prohibitions. But he will go a shorter way to work. The old country has capital, and credit, and commercial enterprise, and he may think, if he can subjugate us, that he can carry them off to France, like so many busts and marbles. But he would find himself mistaken; that credit would wither under the gripe of power; that capital would sink into the earth, if trodden upon by the foot of a despot. That commercial enterprise would, I believe, lose all its

vigour in the presence of an arbitrary government. No, sir, instead of putting his nation apprentice to commerce, he has other ideas in his head. My humble apprehension is, that, though in the tablet and volume of his mind there may be some marginal note about cashiering the King of Etruria, yet, that the whole text is occupied with the destruction of this country. This is the first vision that breaks upon him through the gleam of the morning; this is his last prayer at night, to whatever deity he addresses it, whether to Jupiter or Mahomet, to the goddess of Battles, or the goddess of Reason. But sir, the only consolation is, that he is a great philosopher and philanthropist. I believe this hyper-philanthropy has done more harm than ever it did good. He has discovered that we all belong to the Western family. Sir, I confess, I feel a sentiment of deep indignation, when I hear (I take it from report) that this scrap of nonsense was uttered to one of the most enlightened of the human race. To this family party I do not wish to belong. He may invite persons, if he please, to dinner, and, like Lord Peter, say, that this tough crust is excellent mutton. He may toss a sceptre to the King of Etruria to play with, and keep a rod to scourge him in the corner; he may have thought at first his Cisalpine Republic a fine growing child, and may have found it a ricketty bantling; but I feel contempt for all this mockery. Let us, sir, abstain from invective, only let us speak the truth. Why, sir, what I have said is nothing but the truth. Let us be visiting acquaintance, but I do implore him not to consider us as one of the family."

*From the Debate on the Prince of Wales's
Establishment, March 4, 1803.*

“ An honourable gentleman opposite, and the worthy baronet near him, have said that trappings are of no importance, that virtue is every thing ; and they deprecate the assumption of rank and state accordingly. I have no objection to this doctrine, if the system so early established, so invariably maintained, and handed down to us by our ancestors, be proved to be foolish. But let the rule be general ; let not the splendour of one be curtailed, while that of another is extended. If, as was said by a great man in this country (the Earl of Chatham), ‘ Every feather of the royal bird aids his flight,’ though I will not go to the length that noble lord did, in saying, that ‘ when they drooped, or were shed, the bird would fall to the ground ;’ yet all should be cautiously preserved. In order to bring this dismantling system home to gentlemen’s minds, let it be applied to the house. Let us suppose that the speaker possesses sufficient dignity, and commands sufficient respect, by those virtues which are acknowledged to belong to him ; let the chair be removed, let the other badges be stripped off, let that bauble (the mace) be taken away, let the fine house which is building for him, in which I hope he will soon entertain the members with his accustomed hospitality and splendour, be demolished ; let the state coach be laid down, and instead of proceeding in it to St. James’s, attended by a grand procession of members in their private coaches, let him go on foot with the addresses, covered with a warm surtout, and honoured with the privilege of an umbrella in case of rain.—Let the

judges be conducted by no sheriffs, or sheriffs' attendants, to the assized towns ; let the chief-justice go down in the mail coach, and the puisne judges be satisfied with travelling as outside passengers.—Let the Lord Mayor, instead of coming to Westminster-hall in the state barge, accompanied by the several companies, in their state barges, let him come in a plain wherry without any attendants, and instead of going back to feast on turtle at Guildhall, with the great officers of state and foreign ambassadors, let him content himself with stopping on his way back, and taking a beef-steak at Dolly's Chop-house. It is not easy to have done in citing instances where an abridgment of those trappings, which foreigners admire, but which, according to these gentlemen, are quite simple and unnecessary in the Prince of Wales, might be effected with great saving to the public."

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

On subjects on which the mind has been much informed, invention is slow of exerting itself. Faded ideas float in the fancy like half forgotten dreams; and the imagination, in its fullest enjoyments becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted.

* * * * *

No passion suffers more than malice from disappointment.

* * * * *

When delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension !

* * * * *

Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

* * * * *

While hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting.—When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest, hurtless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them when its leaves are dropped.

* * * * *

There is a chilling air around poverty, that often kills affection, that was not nursed in it. If we would make love our household god, we had best secure him a comfortable roof.

* * * * *

You should never bestow pity on those who take pains for your contempt: pity those whom nature abuses, never those who abuse nature.

* * * * *

Men seldom think deeply on subjects on which they have no choice of opinion:—they are fearful of encountering obstacles to their faith (as in religion), and so are content with the surface.

* * * * *

You represent your situation of mind between hopes and fears. I am afraid I should argue in vain (as I have often on this point before) were I to tell you, that it is always better to encourage the former than the latter. It may be very prudent to mix a little fear by way of alloy with a good solid mass of hope; but you, on the contrary, always deal in apprehension by the pound, and take confidence by the

ain, and spread as thin as leaf gold. In fact, though a metaphor mayn't explain it, the truth is, that, in all undertakings which depend principally on ourselves, the surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.

* * * * *

The loss of the breath from a beloved object, long suffering in pain and certainty to die, is not so great a privation as the last loss of her beautiful remains, if they remain so. The Victory of the Grave is sharper than the Sting of Death.

* * * * *

Although no man can command his conviction, I have ever considered a deliberate disposition to make proselytes in infidelity as an unaccountable depravity. Whoever attempts to pluck the belief or the prejudice on this subject, style it which he will, from the bosom of one man, woman, or child, commits a brutal outrage, the motive for which I have never been able to trace or conceive.

THE END.

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